MEMOIRS

OF AN

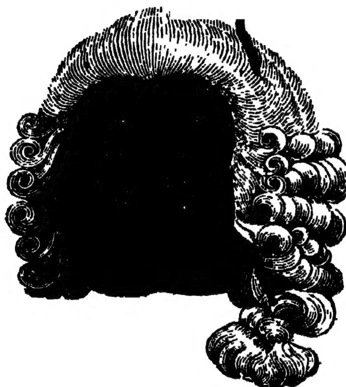
OLD WIG.

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MEMOIRS

OF AN

OLD WIG.



Ουλη τε ην αυτω, και αγαν συνεχης η κομη
Και δια πληθος πολιων τριχων αφριζουση
Θαλασση προσεμφερης, και υπαργυριζουσα.

Crispume erat, & spissum capillitium, & propter frequentes canos intermixtos spumanti æquori simile, instarque argenti albicans.
Eunapius in Proæresi.

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PREFACE.

TO do honour to the subject of the following Memoirs, and to give some account of its origin, its progress to the magnificence it once boasted, and its present degeneracy, the Editor holds it incumbent on him to bring together what he finds scattered in different authors, concerning this singular ornament of the human head.

As to the etymology of the word, it is far from being settled. Minshew writes it *Perwicke* or *Perruqe, i. e.* a woman's hood, and hence *Periwig* and *Wig.* Menage most ludicrously derives it after this manner, *Pilus*

Pelus, *Pelutus*, *Peluticus*, *Pelutica*, *Peruca*, *Peruque*, just as the Oxford scholar traced the waiter of a tavern whose name was Hooper, to Pepin King of France; thus, *Hooper*, *Ooper*, *Aper*, *Diaper*, *Napkin*, *Pipkin*, *Pepin*; or by his laughable logic, thus proved Pigeon pie and Eel pie the same, Pie John is John Pie, John Pie is Jack Pie, Jack pie is Fish pie, Fish pie is Eel pie.

It is certain that what we now call a Periwig, hair artificially attached to a kind of net-work called a cawl, was not known till within these two centuries and a half; but in a very early age, among the Jews, artificial hair was worn dressed up in curls and figures of various sorts, to which the inspired penmen frequently refer, and inveigh against with great severity. Absalom had such thickness of hair, that he polled

it once a year, and weighed it at 200 shekels, after the king's weight; but as the best commentators say, not in weight but value; that is, that the hair annually cut was worth 200 shekels weight of silver, for hair was sold at a vast price for ornamenting the Jewish women.

Among the Greeks and Romans artificial hair was also worn, as well to cover premature baldness as to produce disguise; yet it had nothing in common with our Perukes, being only composed of hair painted and glued together, such as Juvenal and Martial frequently allude to, who are very severe on the ladies, for making themselves look young, by the means of false locks, on the men for changing the colour of their hair with the seasons, and on old dotards for hoping by such stratagems to deceive the destinies.

Caligula (*a*) the Roman emperor, used such covering to disguise himself when he went to brothels. Commodus's wig, according to Lampridius, was dressed with glutinous perfumes, and then powdered with filings of gold. Tertullian on the preposterous use of such artificial head-dresses, has a very animated and descriptive apostrophe. "*Affigitis nescio quas enormitates sutilium capillamentorum, nunc in galeri modum, quasi in Vaginam capitis & operculum verticis, nunc in cervicem retro suggestum.*"

Even among savage nations, you find a disposition not to be content with the covering which nature had given to the head. The Myuntes

(*a*) "Quin et ganeas atque adulteria capillamento "celatus & veste longâ noctibus obiret." Sueton.

carry on their heads a board about 15 inches square, with which they cover their hair, and fasten it with wax, and it being a woody country, they are often entangled by their head-dress, and when they comb their hair, which is only once a year, they are a full hour melting the wax.

The inhabitants of Natal, as we are told by Duhalde, wear wigs made of the fat of oxen from six to ten inches high, then anoint the head with purer grease, which mixing with the hair, fasten these bonnets for life.

But though the ancients used coverings of artificial hair, yet they partook very little of the character of our Periwig, and the composition which first entitled them to that name was hardly known so early as 1500. Budæus describes

one in 1534. The first on record in England is said to have been worn by Saxon, Henry the VIIIth's fool.

The first that were made were so heavy that they weighed two pounds, being fastened on a kind of cushion, such as they knit lace on; the cawl, by the introduction of which they were much lightened, being a subsequent improvement.

Though Wigs were contrived to conceal natural or accidental baldness, they soon became so ridiculously fashionable, as to be worn by such as had no defects to hide, in preference to the most beautiful locks, the gift of all-bounteous nature, which were sacrificed to make way for them.

The clergy were long before they adopted them, and the French clergy used them first. Cardinal Grimaldi forbade their use to priests without dispensation or necessity. Monsieur

Thyer wrote a treatise on the subject, who esteems a priest's head under a Peruke, a monster in the church, nor can he conceive any thing so scandalous as an abbot with a florid countenance and well curled Wig, loss of hair being thought to arise from disease.

The players, from knowing what diversity of character is produced by the Wig, generally wore them on the stage in Shakespear's time, which occasions the great Dramatist to say, "It offends me to the soul to hear a "robustious periwig-pated fellow "tear a passion to tatters."

The bar assumed the Wig about 1660, and as Alexander Stephens, in his Lecture on Heads, humourously analyzes it — "there are special "pleadings in the fore-top, pleas, "rejoinders, replications, and de- "murrers in each turn of the curls,

" knotty points in the twist of the
" tail, the length of a chancery suit
" in the depth of a full bottom; and
" a Serjeant's black coif, as much as
" tells us that the law is a sort of
" blister plaister, and never to be
" used but in desperate cases."

About the close of the 17th Century, Perukes were made to represent natural curls of hair, but in such a stream, that ten heads would not have furnished an equal quantity, as it flowed down the back, and hung over the shoulders half way down the arms.

Louis the XIVth's Wig was so enormous, that he was said to rob the heads of all his subjects to cover his own; and such was the use of hair in England for such compositions, that in 1700, a young country girl got sixty pounds for her head of hair, and the grey locks of an old woman, after

death, sold for fifty pounds, as did Wigs in common for forty pounds.

In 1720, or thereabouts, it became fashionable to tie one half of it on the left side into a club, as is represented in the Vignette of the Title page, which professes to give the real model of Linnæus's Wig.

Between 1730 and 1740 Bag Wigs came into fashion, and such as were plaited into a Queue, though till 1750 the long flowing Perukes maintained their ascendancy.

In 1763 the use of Wigs in general began to decline, in so much that there was a petition from the master Peruke makers, of London and Westminster, to the King, in which they complain of the influx of French hair dressers.

Various were the names at different periods given to the different fashions of this whimsical article of dress,

namely, *Bag* Wigs, Tail or Queues, Towers or Half Wigs, Toupees, Full Bottoms, Ramillies, Allegreek, with many others, and the Wig generally, as well as by all its particular names, has served as a distinguishing mark; General Whitford, Colonel of the 19th Regiment, was known throughout the army, by the name of White Wig. The two Generals Pattisons were also designated on a foreign expedition by the titles of Queue and Toupee. — Mr. Wood of the Artillery, that he might not be confounded with another officer of the same name, was known by the appellation of Wig Wood. — And General Skinner, Engineer, wore a large black Wig at the Siege of Belleisle; a Serjeant who had heard him described by his Wig, seeing him coming, turned out his guard, by calling out — "Turn out "the Guard — the Wig! the Wig!"

Perhaps there has not been at any period so universal an use of Wigs as at the present, but the dignity of this species of head dress is totally lost. The prevailing fashion affects to imitate the natural hair, as it is now worn, without powder, and combed negligently; and when the present generation of men, turned of fifty, shall have passed away, the rising one, from the disuse of powder, hot irons, and other artifices, destructive of the hair, by soon turning it grey, or producing premature baldness, is not likely to adopt the Wig, so that soon the use of it bids fair to be confined to the three learned professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic, or at least the dignified and pompous fashion, which formerly characterized this singular composition, will have so far degenerated, as to have nothing left in its appearance, to compensate

for the sacrifice that is too often made by the wearer of one of the choicest gifts of Nature, to make his head a Barber's block.

THE EDITOR.



MEMOIRS

OF AN

OLD WIG.

TO what trifling and improbable accidents, were we to enquire, might we trace the origin of the most valuable discoveries in science and the arts, which have taken place in the world, from the magnetic needle to a mouse-trap? And to a very trifle, indeed, I may safely say, I owe the following history of a variety of heads.—One, day being invited to dine with a lately created Baronet, whom I had known in humbler life, (but not so much out of compliment to him as to his lady, who never forgave inattention to dress in her guests, forgetful of the time

when dirty boots were no objection to her receiving them in an attic story in Westminster,) I had mounted a new coat from *Davies of Cork Street*, in the true Bond Street cut, with a pair of flesh-coloured silk pantaloons, stockings to match, and a most delicate pair of shoes by Hoby, right and left. Thus equipped, I stepped out of my chambers in Gray's Inn, into my own hackney coach, which, from an habitual economy, contracted to satisfy the imperiousness of a narrow fortune, that too often justifies the application of the proverb, *penny wise and pound foolish*, I had ordered to stop within two hundred yards of my friend's house, to save sixpence. Here I discharged my coach, and perceiving its number to be an even one, which I am rather suspicious about, for

Numero Deus impare gaudet.

I began to have ominous forebodings of something disastrous befalling me, and

had only taken two steps, when the second happened to come in contact with a loose flag in the foot pavement, which, as it had rained in the morning, sprung such a mine on my polished shoes, as rendered me, unless the evil could be repaired, quite inadmissible at the house I was engaged to.

However, I was so far fortunate, as to alight almost opposite to a gateway, where, to my no small joy, a shoeblack had his stand, and, to make himself more conspicuous, had, in front of his hat, displayed his armorial bearings richly and gaudily tricked, (viz.) *argent* a chevron between two shoes and a brush, *sable* on a chief *azure*, a flowing Wig *or*, like Berenice's locks in the sky. I had no time to lose; my feet were submitted to this great professor of *Pedocathartism*, the style blazoned on his beaver, whose tin kettle was well supplied with every species of brush, blacking of various kinds, and two or three superb old Caxons, among which I dis-

covered one of such a fashion, as partook of the style of different ages, and could not fail to attract the attention of one who not only valued himself on being a member of the Antiquarian Society, and having F.A.S. in the train of his titles, but as having had the honour of being (not of the *Whig*) but of the *Wig* club, of which, a certain eloquent senator, representing a midland county, and a gentleman, not a hundred miles from Bath, who for polished manners, the true *savoir vivre*, telling a story, planning and conducting a hoax and a masquerade, has not his equal in the kingdom, were perpetual presidents.

Anticipating the joy of possession, I was determined to make overtures for the purchase of this seemingly rare curiosity, which, as they were made with a dash of becoming spirit, were at once accepted; and I found myself master of this pompous relic. The stipulated sum was paid, and I had it as carefully packed up as it would admit of, dreading to

leave it behind, as before I should be able to call again, this flashy merchant, like his neighbours, might commit an act of bankruptcy and have absconded, I therefore took it with me, though at the hazard of it's giving my scanty skirted coat a very awkward and suspicious projection, suffering it to occupy the whole of one pocket, my white cambric engrossing the other.

Neither the beauty of my hostess, the luxury of the table, nor the gaiety of a masqued ball, could divert my thoughts from my new purchase, which I felt as if on my head, and longed to examine, as well as to escape from the more prying eyes of some of the company, which seemed often to glance very significantly at the unaccountable excrescence on my left side, whilst two or three noses, with a sense more exquisitely delicate, whenever I approached, were turned up, as if there was something about me that tainted the ambient air, and which, to speak the truth, my own blunter sense acknow-

ledged, whenever I happened to give the smallest ventilation to my wig box. I soon availed myself of an influx of company to slip away, impatient to return to my chambers and ransack my treasure.

On carefully inspecting the caxon, I perceived that it often had been added to, altered, and vamped, with cawl upon cawl, and so many tiers of curls, that in some, papers still remained, which might have preserved them in buckle for half a century. I then flew to the paper transferred with it; yet this only gave me its history since it came into the possession of the last owner. But on still closer inspection, and probing to the quick, under a serjeant-at-law's patch, since covered over with hair, and between it and the crown of the cawl, I felt something like folds of paper quilted in, which, on opening, I found to be twenty or thirty circular pieces of paper, of the size of the external covering, written on in a hand so small, that, to read it I was obliged to resort to the

largest magnifier I used in decyphering my medals and coins. On the outer piece was inscribed

"MY OWN HISTORY."

I fell to with avidity.—It began thus:—

We have had vocal forests from my old quaint friend James Howel, and since his time, vocal libraries, sofas, pulpits, and their velvet cushions. With how much greater reason might a wig become vocal, and acquire the gift of tongues, which had been for many years almost incorporated with the sensorium I shall therefore say no more by way of preface, or apology for the account I shall now give of myself, which, as I deduce my origin from one who was recorded in the Tyburn Chronicle of the day, I may be allowed to call—"My "birth, parentage, and education."

Though perhaps I have but few of the original hairs of the ancestor I sprang from, so changed, coloured, and intermarried have they been, yet I still

am induced to trace my pedigree, and have as much right to do so, as many a Welsh esquire, who affects to trace to Gomer, lineally, collaterally, and every way that can lead to the plains of Shinar, yet, whose family card, like a beggar's coat, is so pieced, patched, and diversified, that no one can point out the original web or colour it was of. And though, like him, I may have some unproductive or rotten branches in my family, I will candidly note them; and not do as flattering genealogists, who, if they note them at all, throw all that is disgraceful into Latin; such as *Coll [illegible]*—*stuprata* for the ladies, *Sutor vestiarius erat*, &c. &c.

I first had the honour of growing on the head of one who was hanged for horse stealing, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, when he was become grey headed, but not the least bald, having a load of hair rarely seen at any age; and who was so little affected by the awfulness of his situation, that, whilst the

judge was summing up the evidence, too clear and uncontradicted not to convict him, he was amusing himself by transferring the live stock he had bred in prison, from his own neglected pasture, to one more highly cultivated and flowery, the bar wig of the Attorney-general on the circuit, at whose back he stood. The jailor, who was likewise a barber, and dealt in other locks than those of a prison, had long eyed the bushy treasure, and, in the event of his being hanged, had ba... ...ed for the crop.

This man was purveyor of hair to one of his fraternity in the neighbourhood of Li...ln's Inn, who had ever since the introduction of the bar wig, the monopoly of those pompous coverings for the heads of ... eminent lawyers of that day, and two years after, having undergone the varied ordeal of papering, pinching, crimping, baking, and torture ... thousand ways, I was promoted to thatch the cranium of the notorious judge Jefferies, that bloody

instrument of arbitrary power and religious bigotry; that murderer in the disguise of a chief justice; and was first worn when he went to the Western Assizes, which his cold blooded master was pleased to dignify with the title of *Jefferies's Campaign.*

In this character I had an opportunity of witnessing the laws abused, contracted, and stretched, like Procrustes's beds, to suit this bloody interpreter's conscience; who often, by his coarseness and insolence to the counsel, his foul language to the witnesses, his sarcastick brutality to the criminals, his total want of feeling on all occasions, and his excessive profligacy, has made every individual hair in my whole fabrick stand on end

"like quills upon the fretful Porcupine;"

a position that some of them could never be reclaimed from, much pains as have been taken to torture them back into a curl.

In this service, it may easily be imagined, that my life was a perfect ague fit, a constant alternation of heats and colds; for I was a favorite, and after I had ministered for a few years to the dignity of the bench, before my master took the seals, I was cut down like an old ninety gun ship, into a seventy-four, and became his constant companion in an evening, to taverns, to brothels, to city and court; and was present at scenes of such profligacy, mischief, and secret cabal, that were they disclosed, the world would hardly believe that religion was capable of so much bigotry, justice of being so perverted, politics so misapplied, and human nature so depraved.

From fire, water, (I may say wine too), the rage of mobs, and my master's own, more than Welch hot-headedness, what hair-breadth escapes! what curses on the head I covered, with which I fancied myself weighed down, and which to refer to, after such a lapse of years, is still grievous! At alderman

Duncomb's in the city, I once was near perishing by the flames; for to such a pitch had the debauch got, that my master, to cool his head, had nigh thrown me into the fire, had not the alderman caught me in my transit from the chancellor's head to the grate, and disappointed the flame of a precious morsel highly combustible from the head that had so long worn it, and thinking I might want cooling, like the head I came from, he soused me into the urinal, from which I was rescued in a miserable pickle, and stood a good chance of being hung out on a sign post to dry, had not the party, with my master at the head of them, who had almost come to a resolution of stripping naked to bestride sign posts, been fortunately prevented from committing such a violent outrage on decorum. And yet, with this fiend-like disposition, his face was the mask of an angel, and would give the lie to any, even Lavater's system of physiognomy, and he might with justice, have been called the *Beauty*

of Law, as the great divine Stillingfleet was the *Beauty of Holiness*. I was with him to the last, and shall never forget his chagrin on opening the barrel of Colchester oysters, as he thought, which was sent him when in the Tower; when instead of finding what he was most extravagantly fond of, he found, what he most richly had deserved, a halter. The shock was too great for him, and the taunt so bitter, that a tear of mingled passion burst from him, and his head was so agitated as almost to lift me off; but at last, worked to a state of frenzy, he threw me on the ground, and trod on me as if I had reminded him of past thoughts and actions I had been privy to; and never, but once after put me on, but took to his bottle more furiously, wearing nothing but a night-cap; yet I hung up too near him not to know what was passing beneath my substitute. And I never shall forget the interview between the dying sinner and the man of God, when, to receive the pious Doctor Scott, the agonised penitent, for the last time,

had me adjusted to put on, to do honour to his visitor*. The wiriness which many of my hairs had contracted during my attendance on the sanguinary and merciless judge, methought, assumed a pliancy from my new character, as waiting on this humble petitioner for that mercy from his Maker, that he had often denied to his fellow creatures.

The Doctor had no sooner entered, than the atmosphere seemed changed, the breath of Heaven was round us, and the world faded from our view. When this divine herald of peace spoke,

* I know it has been strenously maintained, that Jefferies, in order to have been able to bring himself to be guilty of such excesses as could have satisfied the intolerant spirit of his royal Master, must have been a rigid Papist. That hypocrisy might have been among the number of his other vices, I am ready to believe, but at the same time think, that at heart he was hostile to the doctrines of the Romish church; and his calling in the pious Dr. Scott, in his last moments, is a strong proof of his being so, and of his attachment to the religion of the Established Church, and his discrimination of its members, for he never could have made choice of a more orthodox divine, or a more excellent Christian.

he had the look and the tongue of an angel, to suit the importance of his mission, for he came to heal the wounded spirit, and reconcile the sinner to his God, which he most strenuously endeavoured to do, by an awful appeal to the penitent, which probed his sores to the quick; yet the caustic was so tempered with every thing that was calculated to allay fear, and inspire hope, that the instant pain was felt, the sedative was applied. The good Doctor particularly adverted to the atrocities of the Western assize, and could not avoid being severe. In all the humiliation of a contrite heart, His Lordship bent the head, and patiently kissed the rod, saying, with a sigh, whilst a solitary tear quivered on his cheek; "but bloody as "it was, not half enough so, for the "tiger my master." He then, having a little composed himself, proceeded to give his ghostly comforter a short sketch of his life, marking the gradations of vice, in some measure to account for

the enormities he was guilty of *. He said, (and to that he attributed the accumulated load of sin with which he was then overwhelmed) from his earliest age he was much petted, indulged, and had his own way, being the favourite of his mother.

Born with a nerve that never failed him in the pursuit of his object, and equal to any enterprize, even at school, from the robbing an orchard to the barring out the master, he was generally preferred to the command of every daring adventure. This insensibly begat habitual pride, something that overcame principle, and almost silenced the voice of humanity; so that before he left Westminster, (to use the words of an elegant author, more appropriate here, than where they were originally used), "he had blunted and worn out "that inward feeling, which it is the "interest of the good, and the wisdom

* For "Nemo repente turpissimus."

"the wisdom of the wise to cultivate, "till there was no balance in his passions, and the decorum of life was "sacrificed to its selfishness."

He said, that though he had been entered at the Inns of Court, had studied, and was fully conversant with the laws of the land, yet, instead of interpreting them faithfully, and applying them impartially, he had made use of them as a state engine, to oppress those who were adverse to Government, to gratify party spirit, or private spleen; that he had never been regularly called to the Bar, but had, taking advantage of the plague, smuggled himself into the profession, and with that unblushing front he was master of, passed through, without being detected as contraband.

Ambition and profligacy strove for the mastery in his composition, and as he knew that, in the reign of James, there was no chance of gratifying the former, without sacrificing all the finer feelings to the latter, with him, then, it was only

to aspire, and there was no delicacy to prevent his success in the attainment of his object; and it would have been difficult for his master to propose, what he would have scrupled to execute.

Thus it was with me, he said, as with the deluded female, when her virtue is lost, " *Vestigia nulla retrorsum,*" she goes on from vice to vice, till what at first required effort to get over, or seemed necessity, becomes hardened habit, and in a short time, she prides herself in outdoing all her unhappy sisterhood, when want, disease, and age overtake her, and she sees nothing before her but the gulph of infamy in this world, and an awful eternity, she is unprepared to meet in the next.

He then, with an agonizing groan, added; " On the brink of the latter, I " now stand shivering, good doctor, lend " me your hand, inspire me with your " faith, that I may say with full confi- " dence, ' Help, Master, or I perish ;' " point to the rock of my salvation, and

" fasten me to it; and pray, that through
" the merits of him who died for me on
" the cross, and whom, alas! I have so
" often crucified since, who has said,
" There is more joy in heaven over one
" sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-
" nine just; that I may be found the
" accepted object of that joy, and that
" we may meet in heaven."

With this his utterance seemed choked, and he fell back, quite exhausted, in his chair, still faintly holding the Doctor's hand, which the good man silently withdrew, and as he quitted the room, left a blessing in its stead.

His Lordship's death, which happened soon after, put an end to our connexion; when, together with his wardrobe, which was all he had to reward the little curtesies shewn him, I became the property of his attendant at the Tower, whose sister happening to be married to the royal barber, who lived in a court near Leicester fields, which took the name of Orange from the circumstance of

his having made the first wig for the Prince of Orange, and in the very house which was afterwards dignified by the sign of the Green Canister; I was made a present to his brother-in-law, who, notwithstanding I had abated somewhat of my train, when, as I said before, I was cut down like a ninety-gun ship to a seventy-four, finding in me some valuable materials still, took me to pieces, laid me once more on the stocks, and launched me a wig of the very first rate, with the title of *Revolution*, and being put into commission, I was fitted out to grace the head of His Majesty King William the Third, of glorious memory, but not without considerable enlargement and additions, particularly of such hairs as have a natural tendency to curl, to supply the place of those, which I before noted had been porcupined on the head of the Western circuit executioner, and this curly accession, from its uncommon crispness, was supposed to have come from a very ancient branch of our family

in the Low Countries, and a-kin to those a witty poet* says, Satan, who had entered into a contract for the gain of a soul to accomplish whatever task might be assigned him, was unable to straiten, however he had wearied the infernal anvil by beating them, dipped them over and over in Styx and Phlegeton, nay, boiled them in brimstone, so that he was compelled to give up his contract, his employer dismissing him with a taunt.

At this moment a scandalous report had been propagated, by a rival brother of the comb, with a view to mar my fortune at court; purporting, that from the head of the sanguinary judge, I had been translated to that of the abdicated monarch, *Sheamas Accacca* or the s—n *James*, as he was called by the reasoning Irish — that I had been at St. Germains,

* I presume the poet here referred to was Elijah Fenton, who, if I mistake not, was the author of the little Tale in the *Hans Carvel* manner, out of which I well recollect the lines evidently here referred to.

and was just returned full of powder-plot and popery, with every separate tube of hair inflated with mischief; that its touch was contagious, and that it ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman. However all the attempts of malice to throw a blot on my escutcheon proved fruitless, the credentials of my genealogy being too well authenticated.

Now it has been contended that King William did not wear a wig, as in every account given of his person, from *Rapin* to *Noble*, his hair is said to be brown, I am happy to have it in my power to settle this point for ever, by appearing myself in evidence to prove that ever since he had the small pox, to prevent the ill effects of a defluxion on the eyes, which that disorder is apt to leave behind, he had his head shaved all but a lock in the nape of the neck, which was suffered to grow rather long, and retained its colour of a dark auburn to his last hour.

Advanced to this regal state, "how-"ever bright the crown of England might

" have glittered in the eyes of the Prince " of Orange, King William found it, " when placed on his head, I fear, a " crown of thorns." What with complaints and enquiries in the senate, unchristian dissensions in the convocation, plots eternally hatching at St. Germains, and the Colossus of France exerting himself to bestride Europe. At any rate I found that a monarch's head was not the easiest to sit upon, who was called to settle a nation convulsed in church and state, to reconcile contending factions, now temporise with *Whig* and now with *Tory*, and by endeavouring to crush the hydra headed monster of the Romish Church, to secure a Protestant succession to the crown.

In this new and elevated character, I was in constant demand, and therefore *capitally* concerned in every thing that was passing in the court, the cabinet, and the camp, and it is but justice to say, that the adopted king had a most Herculean task to perform, parti-

cularly in cleansing the Augæan stable which James had left, and refurnishing it with a stud better suited to the country and the constitution; no wonder then that, in the conflict of so many jarring interests and passions which his labours exposed him to, he should, like the hero of old, his prototype, have done things contradictory, rash, and unkingly; for though I did not then cover his head, I was remarking when he dismissed from his service the virtuous Somers, to saddle a pack horse * with the seals; I have felt the violent stretch of prerogative, to load with lands and titles foreign favourites; and if Wigs could blush, I have had frequent opportunities of blushing, to see the hero of the Boyne dallying with Bentinck, teaching Sir William Temple to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion, (certainly not so bad as Augustus playing at marbles), or caning his domestics.

* Sir Nathan Wright.

But *per contra*, I glory in having attended him at the battle of the Boyne, where, in giving the death-blow to papal tyranny, the gallant Schomberg fell, and where the king displayed such intrepidity and truly genuine heroism, that the memory of that day should be ever dear to this country, to the success of which may be ascribed, with justice and gratitude, the high character which Great Britain now maintains among the nations of Europe.

I too shared in the honours of the day, for by the same ball that grazed my sovereign's shoulder, I lost a limb, one of my back curls, or rather tails, having been shot away, which never was replaced, the king being always proud of wearing it in that state, from a mixed feeling of gratitude to Heaven for his providential deliverance, and a consciousness of his own valour, displayed in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Nor was it ever known till a few years after, on the very anniversary of the day

the accident happened, when I invariably made part of his dress, the critical eye of his amiable consort, perhaps influenced to a more minute scrutiny, by reference to a day which cost her many a tear, discovered an awkward vacuity on one side of that stream of curls which floated down his back, and led to a disclosure of the circumstance. From that time the good queen begged to treasure me up, in grateful remembrance of his heroism and his preservation; which the king complied with, never putting me on again.

I may then be said to have fallen into a trance, for I was laid by as defunct, in a splendid box, in company with another similar trophy she had preserved; the very periwig the Duke Schomberg had on when he was killed, with some of the hero's blood still embalming one of the curls, and till my resuscitation from this torpor, when I changed masters, on the inside of my

cawl, was fastened a bit of green silk, with the following French lines, richly embroidered in gold, by her own* hand.

* " A ceci je dois
La Vie du Roi,
Si chere que la mienne
Depend sur la sienne :
Soit au Cieux la gloire
De sa Victoire,
La source de grande peine
A Marie la Reine."

At the queen's death this valuable casket, with some jewels and other rarities, was bequeathed to her sister, the

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* I cannot pay any great compliment to the queen on her muse or her French; but rich as the embroidery is represented, *all is not gold that glistens*, and the whole may be the lacquered ware of a Barber's shop. It reminds me of a passage in Athenæus, where one of the Deipnosophists cites Hesiod as enumerating various kinds of salt fish, where produced, and how prepared, which appeared to smack so little of the genius of the sublime Ascræan, that the whole company were unanimous in vindicating the fame of Hesiod, and saying the verses quoted were more likely to have been the fabrick of a cook-shop, or the Billingsgate of Athens. E.

Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne, who on her accession to the throne, gave the heroic periwigs to her favourite and attendant, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, as furniture worthy of her illustrious husband's cabinet; nay, that would not disgrace the laurels round his head.

I therefore once more fell to the share of another hero, who valued me the more for having been in the service of my former possessor; whose military talents he acknowledged and admired, though the result of phlegmatic, stagnate Dutch courage.

This great commander, with that enthusiasm he betrayed on every subject any way connected with martial glory, repturously exclaimed, "There is va-"lour in every hair of these, they shall "not be lost; and I trust their lustre "will not be tarnished in my employ." He instantly sent for his peruke maker, and gave orders for such an union of both those valuable relics, to be made as

might entitle it to the name of Orange with Schomberg.

I was again dissected to form the basis of the proposed composition; and by this match of the king with the old general, I formed a very respectable alliance. Yet by this, and several other subsequent ones, my origin was gradually so confounded, that in time I became, like the source of the Nile, and many other lesser rivers, difficult to be discovered, by so many rival fountains challenging an equal title to it, with the supposed primitive eye. For to adapt me to every new master, the revolution I underwent was not produced by the mere change of my name and shape, but by an augmentation generally, though trifling, of new materials, and probably a new mode of preparing them.

Thus radically altered, yet still retaining in my proportion more of the horse-stealer than of any other crop, I was ushered into the world with all the solemnity and state due to the rank I

was advanced to, of clothing the head of perhaps the ablest general that ever lived, The Duke of Marlborough, for after being most voluminously curled, powdered, and perfumed as was the prevailing fashion then, I had the honour of being mounted the first time, when an interview took place between that renowned English officer and another great warrior, his rival in arms, Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden, who in all the squallid deshabille of a Scandinavian pirate, with his hair uncombed, matted, and greasy, as if it had been a mop for a month to a cook's shop at St. Giles's, appeared before the Duke, who in the Soldier, (for he was *tam Mercurio, quam Marti*) had not lost the high-bred English gentleman, a character that is no less distinguished by manners than by dress. The Swede felt the contrast, and withdrew evidently mortified.

I had before served a lawyer and a king. It was now my turn to attend a hero and a statesman united; a man

who in council was only inferior to himself in the field; and yet with so little learning, I mean of that which is scholastic, or acquired, that he could hardly write grammatically; but with such an inexhaustible stock of strong natural intellect, exerted with such judgment, and qualified by such temper and observation, that he saw further, and drew conclusions less erroneous than those who, relying on quickness of talent, run away with the first idea, and are generally misled. In politics, as in war, he was cool and determined; and in both he was victorious. Of his coolness, and at the same time of his parsimony, I need give but one instance, that on a march to battle he was seen, with great composure, mending his glove. And as to his victories, they have taken immortal blazon in the page of history; and it would be almost an insult to such as can read, or have listened to the tale of glory, to recount them. In my new employ, I was not inactive, as I pride myself on

being in the thick of most of the battles fought and won by that great commander; and in the battle of Ramillies my family acquired a new title, and became a separate branch, retaining its name, and the memory of its origin to this day among staunch *whigs*, who still are fond of assimilating their perukes to this martial model. In this action, my flowing honours, as well as the head they graced, were very near being carried off by a ball, that made his * aid-de-camp shorter by his head.

* This officer was colonel James Bringfield, to commemorate whom, on the wall of the north aisle in Westminster Abbey, a curious white marble monument, embellished with cherubims, trophies, mantling, and urns, was erected, with the following inscription.

To the memory of the worthily-honoured Colonel James Bringfield, born in Abington, in the Co: of Berks, equerry to his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, aid-de-camp and gentleman of the horse to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, (the victorious general of Her Majesty's forces beyond the sea) who, while he was remounting his lord on a fresh horse, his former falling under him, had his head fatally shot in the battle of Ramillies, on

Soon after that memorable battle my career of fame was cut short, for I was put out of commission and dismissed the service, together with another invalid, a true old soldier, who had attended the duke's person from his first entering into the army, and was now grown unequal to the bustle of such a life, by age and infirmity, from a wound occasioned by the bursting of a bomb in the duke's tent. I was with the duke's cast-off wardrobe therefore turned over to this veteran, who in a little cot-

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Whitsunday, the 12th day of May, A. D. 1706, of his age 50. And so having gloriously ended his days in the bed of honour, lies interred at Bavechem, the province of Brabant; a principal part of the English guards attending his obsequies. Where may his valiant remains rest in peace, and the surviving fame of his courage, virtue, and true piety (of which this church was often a witness), live, grow, and spread here and abroad for ever.

This monument was erected by his mournful and equally loving and beloved widow, *Clemence Bringfield*, 1706. E.

tage he retired to on Clapham common, the place of his birth, wishing to "*die* "*at home at last,*" often drew together a concourse of the young men of the neighbourhood, to see him

"Shoulder his crutch, and shew how fields were won:"

where I was always exhibited, and formed the basis of his animated narrative, for I was the map he referred to on all occasions, nay, with an apostrophe that would not have disgraced Pindar, he would often vouch me to evidence: no lover in romance ever played with the tangles of his mistress's hair with more delight, than he fingered mine, which produced a sort of Galvanic affection through my whole frame, that methought I fought all my battles anew; to every hair was attached some exploit, every curl was a siege or a battle, and the twisted tails were made to represent the intricacy of military tactics, the difficulty of negociations, or crookedness

of state politics. He had made a *memoria technica* to help to recapitulate, in some order, the scenes we had both been actors in; and better enable him to entertain his audience, without too much detail.

Often would he lovingly lift me to his nostril, and say, "It is true, "many a bottle of essence have I bedewed thee with, but thy noblest per-"fume was the smell of gunpowder, "and I have known thee so impregnated "with sulphur, that the smallest spark "would set thee in a blaze." This was a brilliant epoch of my existence, but like a meteor it was as transient as bright; and was extinguished with my faithful historian, who, within half a year after his return to England, in consequence of making too free with the juice of the juniper berry, a habit contracted in the Low Countries, was called upon to pay the debt of nature sooner than might have been expected.

His illness was short, and he was attend-

ed, in his dying moments, by his foster-brother, a gallant officer, who from the age of eighteen, had been fighting the battles of his country, yet never arrived at a higher rank than that of a captain, and had now, on half pay, with the loss of an eye, half his jaw, and a leg, and with as many bullet holes through his body as the practising target of a rifle-corps, like a hunted lion, just reached his den, to lick his wounds and die. The captain, who was also a native of Clapham, was often his visitor, and now came to take his last leave of him. His dissolution was without pain, and his lamp of life burnt bright to the last. Finding the captain had seated himself by his bedside, my old friend's half-lifeless hand fell, as it were mechanically, on his, and these were his last words: "Captain, we sucked the same milk, "but you have been more than a brother "to me; the pension you allowed me "out of your own small pittance, has "kept me from want, nay, has supplied

" as much comfort as a hardy soldier
" need require; I hope I have not been
" ungrateful to Heaven, or to you, and
" I die in peace. What I shall have
" left, if it is more than will bury me,
" is yours, but there are three articles
" that I value, which I beg you to ac-
" cept, and keep, for their own sake as
" well as for mine.—The duke's wig
" with its chronicle of glory in brief
" tacked on to it.—the sabre which saved
" your life dearer to me than my
" own, when I divided the skull of a
" Frenchman, like a walnut:—and a
" flail, the trophy of my Welsh descent,
" with its history inscribed on it, with
" which my grandfather slew nine of
" the Cromwelian party, in the time of
" the civil wars, who came to plunder and
" murder him, who was reputed to be
" rich, and a loyalist; they found him
" threshing in his barn, in the isle of
" Anglesea, where he lived, where with
" the instrument he had in his hand, not-
" withstanding they were armed, he laid

"so many low, and would have done "the whole party, had not an unfor- "tunate blow from one of their swords "cut the thong of the flail, and exposed "him to their fury, which soon dis- "patched him *."

The finest chord in the captain's

* I am happy to have it in my power to confirm the story of the hero of the Flail, by an account I have just received from a gentleman of great veracity, and a profound antiquary in the isle of Anglesey, who writes me word, that in the church-yard of the parish church of *Cerrigceinwen*, there was, till lately, to be seen, a stone covering the grave of the person of whom the above exploit is recorded, who lived at a farm called *Plâs bach*, and that the tradition preserved amongst his posterity had its foundation in fact, though the very singular epitaph on the grave-stone only refers to his heroism in general, but with becoming modesty avoids the detail; and which I shall give in the original, and the translation, as sent me.

EPITAPH.

Dyma'yr lle y dayarwyd Morris Lloyd ytrydydd dydd o Hydref, 1647. Hwn a ymdrechodd ymdrech deg, dros y i Frenhin ai wlâd—Wrth ei yslys i claddwyd i Assen Jane Rees Owen, y gywely iddo y 4 a Dachwedd, 1653.

Englished,

In this spot was earthed Morris Lloyd, the third

frame was struck too deeply, and a few big drops burst from his eye, which falling on the dying hand that held his, was felt, (for all the feeling that remained was got to his fingers' ends, to meet his benefactor,) and produced a deep sigh, in drawing which he expired.

By the new transfer, I soon found I belonged to as great an enthusiast on the subject of those achievements I served as an index to, as my former possessor; for my fame was revived, and the same stories told, but perhaps less briefly, and to a more respectable audience, the exhibition always ending with a full rummer of old hock, to Marlborough, Hompesch, whose regiment the captain had been of, and Old England, but this revival of my honours was very short-lived, for by a fall from a horse, the captain's arm

day of September, 1647. *He who fought a good fight for his king and country.* — By his side was buried his rib, Jane Rees Owen, a bed-fellow for him, the 4th of November, 1653. E.

was broke, and on an amputation being recommended, which was not submitted to, a mortification took place, that in a few days terminated his existence.

I had almost forgot to say, that by favour of the captain I was the identical wig which sate to the sculptor for that which

"Eternal buckle takes in Parian Stone,"

on the head of Sir Cloudesley Shovel in Westminster Abbey; and had the Captain lived, I was in a fair way of having had my marble likenesses multiplied.

The poor captain's death was soon succeeded by that of his widow, though ten years younger than himself; who for thirty years had been his faithful companion, having followed him through all his campaigns, and now unequal to a separation, soon languished and died: leaving a relation, an Irish baronet*, her executor.

* I presume that Sir R——d B——y must be here meant; whose tracts in support and vindication of the sect hereafter referred to, were very numerous;

This lady's legatee, had all the requisites necessary for appreciating the three memorable articles bequeathed by the old soldier, in his nuncupative will to her husband, now become a kind of heir-looms, and distinguishingly specified in *her written* will. He had too much of the Milesian Quixotism of his country, not to set a high value on the sabre and the flail, and his veneration for the name of Marlborough was such, that finding I had the honor of being worn by him, I was immediately submitted to a thorough refitting; my every flaccid and long neglected curl, was put into fresh buckle; powder and perfumes were lavished on me, and I was, thus renovated, preferred to cover the baronet's crown, and float adown his back, low enough to

which I have lately had occasion to witness, by the favour of having had recourse to a very curious collection of the prints of the day on that subject, consisting of no less than one hundred and fifty; among which were a dozen, at least, avowedly written by the learned Baronet.—E.

cover an ugly kind of camel-like gibbosity on his left shoulder, which took him considerably out of the line of beauty; and yet, notwithstanding this and other material irregularities in his person, no man passed more time at his toilette, had more vanity, or was a greater devotee to the ladies; an union not uncommon in figures of this sort, and ably accounted for by *Conradus Schenckius*, in his learned and scarce treatise *de structura corporis humani et de pineali glande*. Though my new master was a man of rare talents and accomplishments, yet his mind seemed to have been formed to the frame that enclosed it, and betrayed the same tortuous obliquities, of which nothing could be a stronger instance than his publicly enrolling himself a follower and champion of that impious gang of fanatics, the Camisars, or French Prophets, as they were called, who had then just made their appearance in England.

Yet such a dupe was he to the imposture, though so thinly covered, that he prostitut-

ed his genius to the writing of pamphlets in vindication of their delusive and I may say blasphemous doctrine; and apparently, so strong was the faith he had in it, that he had the passport which they sold to the believers, that is the remnant that was to be saved, fastened to my cawl for some time, till the civil power exerted itself to put them down, and him, and all the believers, to shame; and if this had not happened so soon, he was on the point of selling his large estates, and converting the produce to their use.

The service I was destined to go through, was not perhaps doubly hazardous, like that which I underwent with a corrupt judge, and in the field with two determined warriors, yet it was far from being unattended with danger, and danger that might end in disgrace; for on the head I covered, and I was always his dress companion, I was a marked character; and we had every thing to apprehend from the vigilance of magistrates

and the violence of mobs, for the majority of the people of England will always have the good sense, with respect to religion and government, not to be led away by every blast of vain doctrine, let it issue from the pulpit or the senate, from the mouth of a fanatic or demagogue, and will always set their faces against any innovation to undermine church or state.

You must know then, that my master's mania kept pace with that of the sect he followed and supported, which at the time I went to serve him, was at its highest, for it was just announced, that one of their principal females, who had long been clerk of the Hanaper to the sealed passports, a lady turned of her grand climacteric, became conscious of a mysterious conception, which, when matured, was to prove that we had been in a delusion for sixteen hundred years and upwards, and by this birth the prophesies were to be fulfilled, a millennium established, and

sin and Satan annihilated. To prepare for this great event, great expences were necessary; the gestation in every stage of it was to be attended to, with all the ceremony due to the dignity of the subject; accoucheurs, from their followers, were already nominated, and my master, whose purse bled profusely on this occasion, had the promise of being appointed to the high rank of superintendant of the caudle department.

With this view of things, when such horrid blasphemy was preached and published, and the reasoning part of mankind felt insulted and alarmed, you will allow there was some ground of apprehension for the safety of my master's ears and my curls; especially when it is known that we joined in all their maddest public orgies, as well as their more ridiculous private gambols; which, though always profane, and often indecent, my master had still the happy talent of defending and spiritualizing.

How can I ever forget, when the

scene of action was transferred from their secret back room meetings, in the obscure courts and alleys of London to Salisbury plain, where, within sight of that ancient Druidical temple of Stonehenge, on the summit of two or three of the loftiest of the venerable pyramids, in front of it those abominable pretenders to inspiration, and a power to pry into the womb of futurity, vented their prophetic rants, and shouted the glad tidings of their expected *Shilo*, whilst the air rung with loud hosannahs, and every hat, wig, and cap, were up thrown to attest their impious joy, and the inspired females of the order, mad as their prototypes of old, the Pytkian priestesses, or the fatidical Druidesses of old Mona, whirled round the consecrated piles, with hair loose, bosoms bare, and using every wild gesticulation the human body is susceptible of, vociferating awful warnings to sinners, and exhortations to all to come in time to purchase passports and be sealed for the new Jerusalem. So that to

give a true picture of this last scene, one should borrow the colours from the glowing pallet of Tacitus.

This spectacle, however, altogether, was magnificent; and, if I may be allowed the expression, had a profane grandeur in it, considering the immense multitude that was collected, together with the novelty and variety of the drama, independant of the noble theatre in which it was exhibited, and its august accompaniments, the stupendous remains of the Cyclopian temple of Britain, and the primitive sepulchres of her mighty dead.

In short, when I joined the choral ascent of hats and wigs, referred to before, I may be said to have had a taste of the *true sublime*, but perhaps, as every thing is judged of by contrast, it was only to mortify me by repeated instances of the *bathos* which succeeded, and I could not help feeling; yet, as an after-piece, wherein farce is the principal ingredient, the scene I shall soon treat my readers with, as a

specimen of a thousand still more ridiculous, may not be unamusing, though probably thought derogatory to my rank.

My master's purse and pen being the main pillars of this execrable imposture, every thing was done to gratify his pride, flatter his vanity, foment his passions, and, by every stratagem that could be devised, to increase his mania. He was the only one of the male believers who had the privilege of being admitted into the penetralia of the *sororium*, a choir of twelve supposed virgins, who were cloistered as handmaids to the miraculously impregnated sister, and were visited weekly by the heads of the brotherhood, who came to leven this mass of the initiated, causing at last such an extraordinary ferment, as shewed itself in numberless scenes attributed to the workings of the same spirit that the supposed parturient lady was actuated by, and which were often played; my master and me being always of the dramatis personæ. Weekly, on the same night that

the mysterious conception was said to have been felt, the following most unaccountable interlude was acted. The twelve virgins, calling themselves on that occasion, the society for the *suppression of vice and promotion of prophesy*, veiled, and habited in the true Flemish costume of that day, with their petticoats stretched out by circular hoops, that made them look for all the world from the waist down, like a churn with the bottom out; placed my master, who was little, crooked, and short, squat on his hams, like a taylor on his shop-board, his bandy legs fitting in each other like the notched ends of a wooden hoop; for I must tell you that there was no doing without my master, who was there like the jack in a bowling green, no play without him.

The virgins then, one after the other, moving in a kind of trot, were in passing him, as soon as they felt his little body in contact, to sink themselves into that old fashioned circular cur-

jesey, called the Cheshire cheese; then, in resuming the strait position, to endeavour to pluck me from my seat, which I have known them take two rounds before they could accomplish; but when done, the virgin that succeeded in the rape disappeared with me, in order that the pregnant sister, from whom all spiritual gifts were believed to emanate, might breathe upon me, and I might be returned thus endowed.

In the mean time, after I was carried off, the next virgin in rotation, was to cover my bare-headed master with her veil, as with an extinguisher, and continue this incubation till I was replaced, a ceremony that took up about six minutes.

My master was no sooner released from this shade, and his head covered, than two of the virgins, putting their hands across, carried the little baronet to a three-legged joint-stool in the corner of the room, a very bad copy of the ancient tripod, on

which he was placed, whilst half the choir, making a semicircle full in front of him, with a kind of animal magnetism, consisting of various antic gestures and contorsions of face, kept *treating* him, as it was called, till, by the force of imagination, operating on a visionary mind, my master gave symptoms of feeling the influence of his head and tail-piece, his periwig above, and the mystic tripod below, appearing as if roused from a torpor and uttering strange incoherencies, but held to be profoundly oracular. and therefore immediately chronicled in a book kept for that purpose.

And whether it was from the violent agitations of my master's brain, which during the tripod rites seemed to ferment like a beer barrel, I know not, but I felt an unusual sensation in my hairy frame; yet to this I may probably owe my gift of tongues.

Though my master appeared to countenance and acquiesce in this mummery, I still wish to vindicate him from the im-

putation of folly, if not prophaneness, in being so besotted as to become a dupe to such a flimsy imposture; not but what I think him the more criminal, with his great talents, against conviction, to sanction doctrines that so glaringly militated against religion and common sense. No —if he was a dupe at all, it was to his own passions; and to indulge them without suspicion, he made a sacrifice of his fortune and his understanding.

I have already mentioned that the baronet was much addicted to gallantry, which is proved by an axiom of my ingenious friend *Conradus Schenkius*, in his learned treatise on the pineal gland. For he there says, that all men are more or less so, as they approach, or depart from, the strait line. Now my master came as near to this standard as a cork-screw; the deduction therefore is obvious; and I often remember accompanying him on visits, which seemed prompted more by the *flesh* than the spirit, when at night, deserting the grand old tumbril family

coach, bedaubed with heraldry, we used to take a hackney to set us down at the entrance into Baldwin's Rents, Gray's Inn Lane, wrapped in a long cloak, like Guy Faux, which clouded my honours and disguised his remarkable person.

These visits were to one of the inspired sisterhood, a buxom Flanderkin, rather Dutch-built, but of the then fashionable standard, fat, fair, and forty, with fire enough left to ignite a much older man and much less combustible than my master.

We were no sooner entered than an initiation ceremony was to take place, and which I recollect the lady called *casting off the old man*, a ceremony that, by being often repeated, was a great drain on my master's substance every way, and served to debase me much in my own estimation. The ceremony was briefly this. My master was obliged to submit to a change in his dress, for that of a matronly female, with hood and

pinners, and a veil over the whole; so that during this eclipse of the baronet, I was ignominiously stuffed under the cushion of the lady's chair, or any where, so I was not in sight, lest any of the more prudish believers should happen to break in.

And here, begging pardon for the short suspension of my history, I cannot forbear observing to what endless and varied masquerading this same passion called *love*, unless I mis-call it for another word of four letters, *lust*, has in every country and in every period of the world given rise to?

What metamorphoses did the heathen deities, who were, by the bye, much given to fornication, both gods and goddesses, in their turn pass through, of bulls, eagles, swans, doves, showers of gold, (the most efficacious mask of any,) milch cows, and moons; and even to this day, do we not see men, in the prosecution of their illicit amours, stop-

ping short only of incest, make themselves asses, monkies, lap-dogs, and old women — nay monsters?

What was done in my absence I cannot say; but my master had the happy knack of accounting for his disguise, and the mutual familiarities it led to, on principles of mysticism, too deep for me to fathom; and some of these frequent calls were artfully charged to the intimate connection between their offices requiring a frequent personal correspondence, for in case of the accomplishment of the great event foretold, this lady had been nominated to be the cook of that caudle which the baronet was to have the honour of superintending and dispensing. Yet still I shrewdly suspect, that during the immersion of my master's luminary, there must have been some conjunction of the planets, where Venus most probably had the ascendant.

However, to make some amends for such repeated degradations, in the nocturnal ceremonies that have been described, I

had often the honour, highly perfumed, powdered, and buckled, of accompanying my master on missions of great importance when he attended the committee, *de ventre inspiciendo*, which now the mysterious mother's reputed state of advanced pregnancy rendered necessary, my master being always one of the quorum, and charged to draw up the bulletin of the day; not but that he was entitled to be joined to that commission, from his knowledge of the subject, for being at first meant for the medical profession, he had, when a student at Trinity College, Dublin, attended very able lectures on midwifery, and had profited so much by them, that he wrote learned *notes* on *Mauriceau's* big-bellied quarto, *de femmes grosses*, yet he modestly forbore meddling so far in the business as to obtrude any opinion, unless I, who had long been in the habit of construing all the various movements of his head, should confess that what I perceived there, in the course of all their

scientific visits were rather pulsations indicative of doubt or negation.

But before the expiration of the eighth month the bubble burst, and a sudden termination was put to this farce, as well as to the whole drama it made a part of, for the vehicle of the expected *Shiloh*, the inflated lady, died, to the no small disappointment and mortification of the duped believers, as did my master very soon after, she of a tympany *wind*, and he of water on the brain; a circumstance that fortunately rescued her and him from the ignominy of the cart's tail, or acting that pitiful part, as strikingly characterised by the vulgar slang, *the babes in the wood*, the fate of many of the deluding and deluded.*

* I cannot forbear remarking, how much this imposture, in its main points, seems to resemble that so recent in our memories, which was practised within a century after, by the late impious fanatic Johannah Southcote. In the former indeed the dramatis personæ were more numerous, but in the latter Mrs. Southcote was a host herself. — I could have wished

Thus I was once more thrown on the wide world, and had to seek employ. However, as usual, I became the perquisite of my late master's valet, whose father, who had passed the early part of his life in the service of Sir William Temple, but after his death, having been originally brought up a barber, and finding the peruke trade a very thriving one, had set up a shop near Covent Garden, whither I was sent by the son.

Not long after Swift, who had known my father at Sir William Temple's, and ever since he had set up business, dealt with

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that the parallel had held in every particular, and that I could have complimented the civil power, for its activity and vigilance in the latter as in the former case, but here the resemblance fails. I know it is a maxim with law as well as government, *de minimis non curare*, which may be, and too often is, carried to a greater length than can be justified; and to such a length, I am bold to say, in the cause of our holy religion, it was carried, by the supineness shewn on the publication of Johannah's pamphlet, this time last year, which teemed with such outrageous blasphemy, as, I may venture to say, never before disgraced the press.

him for this artificial roof of the head, as did all the whole corps of literati, at his recommendation, called one day at the shop; when after my disgraceful hide-and-seek business, and multifarious revolutions in following the masquerading adventures of my late master, I was obliged to undergo a thorough refitting, and was, in most gay trim, mounted on a very conspicuous stand.

There was a native inherent gentility inseparable from me, that however I might for a time be neglected, and suffered to get into disorder, very little pains and reparation would call forth, and this the Dean had discrimination enough to discover, and taste sufficient to fix his choice. He was captivated, and I was bespoke. But I was no sooner on his head, than I found the pulsation there so great, that it was with difficulty I could keep on, and concluded all was not right within; for in no brain was there ever such a jumble of piety, poetry, pee-

vishness, petulance, smut, satire, pride, and politics; politics, without principle, and pride to please party that would lick the dust.

He certainly had, from early life, a sort of muddiness of mind, which at times indicated something like an incipient madness; which, as is common in such cases, the world was inclined to trace to the grand sensorium, the head, as originating there; but I who had more experience in the pulse of the head and its arcana, than the whole college put together, and had particularly attended to, and made myself master of, his, discovered that the evil had more to do with the lower, than the upper story, which *Schenckius* most ingeniously illustrates in his twenty-fifth chapter of the Affinity of different parts of the human body to each other; and if such affinity was more studied, half the strait jackets in the kingdom might be spared, and half the mad houses shut up. But the Faculty,

as they are called, do not look deep enough; indeed they look very little beyond their fee.

The dean always wore his wigs full and flowing, particularly now, as he was got into high life, and mixed every day with Ministers and Courtiers; and it was my good fortune to be admired by Harley,

"And who could not admire, who once had seen?"

and complimented by Lady Masham, so that I became for a short time a favorite with my capricious master; and to shew that I was so, I was worn on the memorable day when that sacred and indissoluble knot which united him and Stella was tied by Dr. Ashe.

That he had the most honourable intention towards Miss Johnson, whom he loved to idolatry from the first, I make no doubt, but he was slow in deciding on so material a point as the first command of heaven, and the strongest impulse of our nature. Constitutionally chaste, he indulged in the sen-

timental pleasure of Platonism, and kept off the day of marriage as long as possible, by which the spell would be dissolved, and his happiness at an end.—

Body had nothing to do with his love; it was all soul!—He had never turned his mind to this voyage to a *Terra incognita*, which Hymen made the unavoidable condition of his contract. He therefore put to sea unprovided.—He had not assayed his armour—and like many a young man brought up to the bar, who finds when he comes to make his debut there, his tongue powerless and unable to do its duty; so did the dean discover his incompetency to the undertaking when too late; which mortifying disappointment tended not a little to increase the natural sourness of his temper, so that he studiously concealed his marriage which produced it, and threw his wife under a cloud, to make a fixed star of her as a mistress.

By his never owning her as his wife, she had the reputation of a concubine

without deserving it; and without the enjoyment of a character she had a legal claim upon; and to which by her virtues she would have done honour. Taking therefore every thing into the account, I know not who was most to be pitied, he or she, only that he was to be *condemned* too.

They did not, like the musician and his wife, separate by only putting the fiddle case between, for they were divided by the Liffy; yet there was no living apart; and so powerful was the magnetick attraction of Stella, that had it been Cocytus, not much worse than the Liffy, we should have been tempted to have crossed it every evening.

The dean's ruling passion seemed to have been vanity, to which he sacrificed every other; his great object was to get possession of a woman's heart, that he might play with it, as a cat with a mouse, and then have the barbarous pleasure of tearing it to pieces. He might truly be said to have been the death of two amiable wo-

men, both perhaps with too much feminine weakness, because he married one, and could not marry the other.

His head for the most part had a sort of granulated surface, full of little teats, of different size and consistency, some hard and some soft; which were felt by my cawl to compress and dilate in proportion to the feelings they evidently were actuated by, two or three times a-day, and sometimes oftener, particularly two remarkable nodes, contiguous to each other, called by me the Stella and Vanessa paps; and which, for their softness, and being invariably influenced by those two ladies, as the barometer by the quick silver, the professors of the new science of Craniology would probably call *amative*.

These paps I have known change their appearances, so as their motives could not be mistaken. In the way to, and in company with, Stella, I have known her pap so inflated, and parturient, that it was difficult for me to keep my seat; and again, *vice versâ*, when that homage,

which was only due to her, was unjustly transferred to her rival, the Vanessa was seen to swell in her turn, and leave poor Stella shrivelled to nothing *.

On the very apex of the head there was a protuberance of a much larger size than any of the others, but not very lively, unless he was mingled with politicians, ministers, and state cabals, but then sensi-

* To account for the inconsistencies of the dean, with regard to these unfortunate ladies, has been found by his biographers, an undertaking of extreme difficulty. It is probable however, that the whole mystery may be cleared up, by attributing the greater part of his conduct to physical defect and inability, originating either in Nature, or from the excesses of a secret habit. To the latter, it has been ascribed, with great force of agument, and conviction, by Dr. Beddoes in his Essay on Health; (vidè Hygeia, vol. iii. p. 186.) and the complaints to which the dean was subject, between the age of twenty or thrirty, giddiness and torpor of stomach, which encreased as he advanced in life, and at last terminated in derangement and idiocy, add much strength to the supposition. Whatever may have been the infirmities, however, under which he laboured, "his readiness to kindle in the "female bosom, hopes which he never intended to "gratify," can admit of no justification. Drake's Essays, vol. iii. p. 168.

tive to pain, and as versatile as a Proteus, taking every shape that party might prescribe.

The divinity node was a rigid, inert kind of fungus, something between dead and alive; betraying motion enough to swear by, when a chance sermon was preparing; but near it there was a little strombolo, always vomiting forth flame, and not a great way off a small excrescence, foul with the discharge of a black substance, not

> "Such ichor, as from Gods distills,"

but mere *Stercus Diaboli.*

There were besides a few warty knobs, looking like dried carbuncles, that might be properly termed extinguished craters, and no doubt once actuated by passions now fairly spent. What a cranium this would have been for the learned Schenckius; what an interesting lecture he would have read upon it!

Covering such a formidable volcano as this head altogether must have been, by

the incessant ferment and growling within, from which a grand eruption was every moment to be dreaded, it must be allowed that my situation was not the most desirable; and I was rather happy when a whim of his, fancying that there was something in one of my side curls, which irritated his ear, when it was only his friend * Cynthius twitching him perhaps, induced him to change me for another at the same shop, less flowing and more compressed, thinking that might contribute to abate his constitutional giddiness.

Though discarded by the dean, I was not degraded or overlooked, but every respect was paid to my important appearance, by the pains lavished on me, and the rank assigned me, among my fellow canditates for favour; yet, though all the literati of the age, and the kit-cat club were customers there, I experienced a melancholy sort of trance for near a year;

* Cynthius aurem-
Vellit.—

but from which, before the close of it, I was roused to serve another poet, the great Alexander Pope; in whose service I continued for some time a favourite, traversed the plains of Troy with him, and visited the Court of Ithaca, and felt some of the early symptoms of the Dunciad gestation before I left it; but was disused and laid aside, from the necessity of a change which then took place in his periwigs, by making the flowing curls on the right side much lower than on the left, and than usual, in order the better to conceal an excrescence of the wen kind *, which was every day growing larger, and which he thought I did not sufficiently overshadow, and to which circumstance I am indebted for having got into the possession of another wit, Sir Richard Steele.

* I recollect to have seen a very fine bust of Pope, by Roubillac, which has on the right shoulder; a small excrescence, which might represent what is here referred to, before it had arrived at that size to render an alteration in his periwig necessary. E.

The knight happened to call on Pope one morning, to exclude whom, he never issued the orders of

" Shut, shut, the door good John."

The poet was painting his own picture, when Steele entered in a pompous black perruke, that had cost him fifty guineas *, which Pope, turning from his eisel, seemed to eye more significantly than usual, for it had always been to him an object of disgust. " I suppose," says Steele, " you are taking off my likeness; " I should esteem it a high favour to " be permitted to sit to you." " With " all my heart," replies Pope, " on con- " dition that you agree to relinquish that " vile caxon, only fit for a Buccaneer or " his Tartarean Majesty, when full dres-

* Old Richard Watt, one of the first printers of the Tatler, used to say that Steele paid his barber fifty pounds per annum; and that he never rode out an airing, which he did often, but in a black full-bottomed dress periwig; the price of one of which, at that time, nearly amounted to this sum.

" sed for a regatta on Styx, to entertain " Proserpine; and be reconciled to put " on yonder wig," pointing to me, who " occupied a peg in his dressing-room, " whose every curl floats with becoming " dignity; and would not disgrace the " improver and guardian of the morals of " the kingdom, I will stretch a canvass " for you." Steele complied and sate, but liked his new acquaintance so much, saying, he thought his head amongst the muses, and seemed so averse to part with it, that Pope loth to separate such choice company, begged to exchange it for his black, which he said, would make as good a substitute for his sine-cure stand as the other; and when looked at there, instead of exciting disgust, might furnish a moral, for he should regard it as an inveterate bad habit got the better of.

After I had been thus turned over to the *Christian Hero*, and had deposed the *King of Terrors*, it frequently was thrown into my master's teeth, that I was the identical periwig which Alexander the

Little wore when he was said to have been detected in a very indecent and dangerous situation, perhaps as dangerous as the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and fortunately snatched from the mouth of it before he was rash enough, like another Pliny, to have hazarded the gulph; and when his friend Colley is made to say, "*crawling in his dangerous deed of* "*darkness, gently, with a finger and* "*thumb, I plucked off his small round* "*body, by his long legs, like a spider* "*making love in a cobweb,*" whereas had I been there, Cibber, a professed amateur of my family, (witness * Sir

* "Ere since Sir Fopling's Periwig was praise."
DUNCIAD.

Yet the first visible cause of the passion of the town for Cibber, was a fair-flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which he tells us he first wore in his first play of "*The Fool in Fashion.*" But let him tell his own story.—"I attracted in a particular manner the friend-"ship of Colonel Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt, says he, you may have for a fine "periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the "world, but live in it, knew very well that so material

Fopling) and with too much discernment to overlook my graceful fashion, would, most undoubtedly, have mentioned me as giving dignity to the caricature.

Now I am happy to be able to give the lie to this scandal, propagated to prejudice and vilify me with the knight, and fathered on Cibber, by positively declaring that I was not Pope's companion on that ludicrous occasion, if it ever happened; and that it might not

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"an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense,
"if it became him, could never fail of drawing to
"him a more particular regard and benevolence than
"could possibly be hoped from an ill made one. This
"perhaps may soften the grave censure which so
"youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon
"him. In a word, he made his attack on this periwig
"as your young fellows generally do on a lady
"of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her
"person, and then a civil enquiry into the price of it;
"and we finished our bargain that night over a bot-
"tle." See Cibber's Life, p. 303.

This periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan chair, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.

have happened I will not pretend to say, for taking into consideration the obliquity of his form, according to Schenckius's mode of reasoning, our English Homer might have had a little cock-sparrow salacity; yet he stood so high with the world, and had so much worldly discretion, that he was "cursedly cunning to hide it," and never would have been betrayed into a situation so very ridiculous as that from which he was supposed to have been rescued.

Various was my fortune in this new employ, as I remained in it as long as my master lived, and long after his reason had left him, and he became dead to himself.

During my three successive periods in the service of wits and poets, exclusive of the very extraordinary agitation of the dean's head, I found I was put on one side fifty times a day, and scratched and pulled as many more, when there was a bad ryhme, or in a more desperate case, when there was no finding

one. Formerly, before our family was known, poets, ashamed to scratch their heads, though they did itch, perhaps not without a cause, were used to bite their nails, at a dead lift.

> " ——————— et in versu faciendo
> " Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.
> Hor. Sat. 10, lib. 1.

In this respect, I enjoyed a quieter life with the dean than the other two, for it must be allowed, that he had a wonderful facility at rhyming, and that his rhymes were all legitimate, but he wrote no long poem, and not many short ones.

But what must I have suffered during a ten years siege of Troy, with one so difficult to please as Pope, who would not permit a line to pass for his, till he had altered and polished it at least a dozen times? In short, before the end of his campaign I can assure you, my thatch was not a little thinned, and my whole frame wanted mending, like his own.

But with the knight, my last master, became acquainted with an infinite

variety of pulses, which had their source in the noblest feelings; it was the head beating time to a warm heart, a vivid fancy, or a patriot passion, to which it was ever in unison; even the throb of hope excited by his * fish-pool scheme, or his still more visionary search after the philosopher's stone †, had the noblest motive, that of commanding riches, to

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* In the year 1718, he obtained a patent for the invention of a fish-pool, for the conveyance of live salmon from Ireland to the London market, where at that time, they sold at the rate of five shillings a pound: and in No. 28, of his Theatre, announced his project, confidently holding out a profit of ten per cent. to such as would contribute to support it. The wildness of this project exposed him to much ridicule, which was lavished on him with no sparing hand, yet proof to it all, he was resolved to try the experiment, and actually constructed a vessel for that purpose; but the fish were so battered and bruised in their voyage, that they were not marketable.

† It has been confidently asserted, that he never fairly gave up this chimerical pursuit, but indulged in it perhaps more privately, whilst his intellect remained unclouded: at one time he made no secret of it, and had a laboratory for the purpose in the village of *Poplar*.

have the luxury of relieving virtuous distress, and keeping modest worth ashamed to beg from want. The pulse I most disliked, was that which indicated a doubt, whether he should dine or not, and many times he did not, but by *notes* or *numbers*, as the dinner depended on a poem of Savage, or a paper from Isaac Bickerstaff.

How numerous were the indignities he and I experienced from the termagant humour of Lady Steele, his beloved Prue, who often in town, and oftener after our retirement into her native country, Wales, (for she was a Welch high spirited beauty,) literally combed my locks, and more than once I have had my share of a glass of wine *,

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* About twenty years ago, I happened to be in company with an old lady of fourscore, who said, that when a girl of the age of ten, or thereabouts, at the boarding school in Carmarthen, she was often in holiday time sent for by Lady Steele, and remembered having been present when this indignity was offered to the knight. E.

which has been thrown by her into the knight's face, when he, all passive, has only desired his man to bring him a clean cravat and his night-cap, till I was adjusted; a sort of philosophy much more provoking to such a temper as her's, than passionate resentment or opposition.

I stuck to this noble ruin till death parted us *, and I was given, with his dingy

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* A very ingenious author, to whose collections the public has lately been much indebted, talking of Steele, says,

"The world uses such men as eastern travellers do fountains, they drink their waters, and when their thirst is appeased, turn their backs on them! Steele lived to be forgotten."

The allusion is beautiful, but I trust, for the honour of religion, morals, and humanity, in the service of which he was ever actively employed, it will be found not exactly to apply to Steele; for if Dr. Drake's authority, which I believe is unquestionable, may be relied on, he seems possessed of facts to justify his giving the following account of him, in the last stage of his life, even after his retirement into Wales.

"Here," he says, "though distant from the scene of his former celebrity and connexions, though worn down by mental anxiety and bodily disease, he was not totally forgotten by the world. The heavy

wardrobe, to the person who attended him during his imbecillity, who happened

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gloom which enveloped the close of his career, was occasionally dispersed by the notice of his cotemporaries, by the grateful approbation of the wise and good." The following dedication prefixed in the form of a letter, from the Rev. W. Asplin, of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, to a disquisition on worshipping towards the East, entitled *Alkibla*, must have been read by Sir Richard with the most soothing emotions, and may have probably contributed toward rendering his passage to the grave more tranquil and resigned, (and this was only a year before he died.)

To Sir Richard Steele.

March 2d. 1728.

"In the brightest days of Britain, when Bickerstaff presided in the chair of wit, and o'er the happy land showered manna down, which suited every taste, I had the honour, though unworthy and unknown, to be accepted as an humble correspondent. And it gives me now a melancholy reflexion, when I am once more to visit the world in print, that the only person who introduced me to it, is himself returned. To be an intruder upon solitude, I am conscious is rudeness; but as the greatest souls have never been so much adored as when departed, suffer me, Sir, to approach your recess (which ought to be sacred), with the reverence due to the genius of our isles, and to make this small oblation of gratitude to the immortal manes of the Spectator."

to be a brother to the principal peruke-maker in Carmarthen, where the knight died, and was buried without a stone to say where he lies.

The barber, after submitting me to every ordeal necessary to purge me from the disorder and neglect I had for two years incurred, and the violence of the lovely Prue, and restoring my early honours to their pristine crispness, placed me on a conspicuous stand in his window, and as he thought, to attract notice, with a label in large characters, signifying to whom I had belonged, in hopes at least of drawing the attention of every lover of literature; but at that time, alas! and I I believe to this day, at Carmarthen, drinking, electioneering, and bull-baiting, make up all the learning, or, if it ever had any, Merlin the seer, who is said to have been born there, ran away with it all.

In consequence of my disappearance for a full twelvemonth from my usual

stand, merely that I might re-appear with more novelty, it was reported, that I had been traced by Henrietta, Dutchess of Marlborough, and purchased at a great price to cover the head of her * *wax Congreve*, and so, by that means, associate the memory of two great wits, she venerated, but it was without foundation.

During this political recess from the shop, indeed, I was borrowed for a week to give additional pomp to the head of a president of the Sea Serjeants, a society suspected of disaffection to government, from their meeting oftener and in greater force in 1715, and 1745, and was once disgraced by being, on the head of a

* The Dutchess carried her regard for him to a degree bordering on insanity, for says Dr. Kippis, in his Biographia Britannica, vol. iv. p. 79. Common fame reports, that she had his figure made in wax, after his death, talked to it as if it had been alive, placed it at table with her, took great care to help it to different sorts of food, had an imaginary sore on its leg dressed, and to complete all, consulted physicians with relation to its health.

special attorney, accessary to the mummery of reviving a free-mason's lodge.

With an exception of this trifling requisition, I remained there unnoticed, though one would have thought that in Steele's name I had a powerful magnet, yet, notwithstanding, there I was likely to remain till I rotted, had not the famous orator Henley, happened one summer to make an excursion into South Wales, to shoot folly flying, (and where is the country this game does not abound in,) and to collect new stores for his oratory, but principally for the completion of his universal grammar.

He was struck with the superscription and the elegance of my fashion, bargained, bought, and carried me off, together with my old companion, the knight's attendant for the two last years of his life, who had something strikingly characteristic in his look and manner, a droll sort of impudence, which the orator saw at once, that he could turn to account; and as he wanted a

door-keeper for his oratory, he hired him for that purpose, and dubbed him his *ostiary*, as he termed it, for he loved to give dignity to common words, by throwing them into disguise.

This was fortunate for me, as I was sure, I should be taken some care of, as we had long kept company together, and been in friendly habits.

I had to boast of having been in the employ of a judge, a king, the greatest general the world ever saw, a fanatic of the first class, and three of the first wits of the age, it was now my fate to serve an ecclesiastical mountebank, a perfectly new character, such as never appeared before, and probably never will again.

His oratory was open two nights in the week, on Sunday for theological subjects, and on Wednesday for every other subject, scientific and humorous. I always clothed his head on Wednesday, and was well known to all the butchers and blackguards in Clare-market, into which his oratory had a back door.

He had received a perfect education, and had profited by it, so that his outset in life promised much, for he was learned, industrious, and correct, but suddenly, as if regenerated, he appeared to glory in being eccentric, and in the worst sort of eccentricity, by inverting all order, and making religion a topic of wit, till at last, even his Sunday lectures degenerated into buffoonery and blasphemy, to suit his auditors, who were, when I served him, the vilest of the rabble, his terms of admittance being but one shilling, and to whom on the Wednesday nights, he was obliged particularly to adapt his subject, which was generally something capable of the lowest humour or ribaldry, such as when he gave notice that he should the next oratory night communicate a secret for making up shoes in a few minutes, therefore recommended the attendance of all the *craft*; making it known also by advertisement, which brought up the trade from distant parts of the country, so that the

oratory was overflowing. Heedless, or not foreseeing the consequences, with his usual * unblushing face and me on his head he entered, mounted his rostrum, " tuning his voice and balancing " his hands," coolly said, " Gentlemen, " buy up the boots and cut off the legs, " and you have shoes at once."

This, as may be supposed, excited a most outrageous clamour, that soon

* Embrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands;
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue,
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung:
Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain;
O! great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of the age.
Oh! worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest where monkies were their Gods!
But fate with † butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindall's, and in Wolston's days.
Dunciad, lib. iii. v. 190.

† He once set up his oratory in Butcher's Row, Newport Market, and, to shew his predilection for hacking and cutting up, when he removed, he only exchanged it for Clare Market.

prompted to acts of violence, the benches were destroyed, the oratory gutted, and the orator himself, felt the necessity of making a hasty retreat, by the postern at the back of his pulpit, running the gauntlet of Clare-market, and taking refuge in his own butcher's stall, for that night, or he had been murdered, and not a hair of me left, had not my friend the ostiary plucked me from off the head of the runaway, and substituted his velvet cap, then a much better covering, in my stead.

Numerous were the adventures and escapes of this kind I had to encounter, and it is next to a miracle that I am in existence. Though I had six days in the week to rest, yet my repose was not free from peril, as there was no knowing when the orator's very sanctuary would be violated, he began to make himself so obnoxious even to his best friends, the butchers and marrowboners. But when I made part of the orator, great indeed was my peril, I could not ensure my safety for a moment.

What a change from the head of my late master the knight, which knew no pulse that was at variance with virtue and humanity, whereas the head that now wore me seemed a forge of the cyclops, where every movement was convulsion and violence, as if fiends were at work to pervert reason, for the purpose of insulting religion and degrading human nature.

To such ministry, was I chained till the orator died; and had it not been for the interest I had with my Carmarthen friend, I should have been interred with him, for he had ordered himself to be buried in a coffin made out of his gilt tub, with his amber headed cane in his hand, dressed in his gown and band, with me on his head.

Every thing was complied with except as to me, the ostiary having bought for a shilling an old caxon from his shoe black, which having oiled and flowered, he made to usurp my place, all allowing that altogether the corpse was a hand-

some one, and that the orator looked better dead than living. With a large bundle of oratory * transactions and lectures, printed half black and half red, which to Lord S——, Mr. D——, or any other bibliomaniac, would now be as valuable as the print of *Elinor Rummins*,

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* A large portion of them was sold by Mr. Samuel Paterson, in 1759, and it may not be uninteresting perhaps to my readers to be treated with the titles of a few of the lots.

No. 166. God's manifestation by a star to the Dutch. A mortifying fast diet at court. On the birth-day of the first and oldest young gentlemen. All corrupt: none good: no not one.

No. 168. General Thumbissimo. The Spring reversed, or the Flanderkin's Opera and Dutch pickle herrings. The Creolean fillip, or royal mishap. A martial Telescope, &c. England's passion Sunday and April changelings.

No 170. Speech upon Speech. A Telescope for Tournay. No battle, but worse, and the true meaning of it. An Army beaten and interred.

No. 174. Signs when the P. will come. Was Captain Sw——n prisoner on parole to be catechised? David's opinion of late times. The seeds of the plot may rise though the leaves fall. A perspective from the Blair of Athol. The Pretender's popery. Murder! Fire! Where! Where!

I was packed up carefully by the ostiary, and safely landed in a week's time at Carmarthen, being introduced once more, after a long absence, with an account of our travels, to the brother's shop.

I next came into the possession of the most singular of all the personages, to the covering of whose head it had been my lot to minister. He was a Welsh esquire, with a good gentleman's fortune of about 2000*l.* a year, who, extravagantly proud of pedigree, which he considered the sum of every thing that was great and

No 178. Taking Carlisle, catching an eel by the tail. Address of a Bishop, Dean, and Clergy, swearing to the P———r, &c. Anathema denounced against those Parents, Masters, and Magistrates that do not punish the Sin at Stokesley. A Speech, &c. A parallell between the Rebels to King Charles the First and those to his Successor. *Jane Cameron* looked killing at *Falkirk*.

No 179. Let stocks be knighted, write, Sir Bark, &c. The Ram-headed month. A proof that the writers against Popery fear it will be established in this kingdom. A scheme wisely blabbed to root and branch the Highlanders. Let St. Patrick have fair play as well as St. Andrew.

honourable, traced his, not to a character in the clouds, but to a progenitor acknowledged in the page of history, not only of his own country, but that of England, *Tewdwr mawr* as he always spoke it, that is, Tewdwr the Great, by way of eminence, whose arms he bore without any abatement or derogatory mark of distinction, and piqued himself not a little upon it; so that a lace, superbly blazoned with the princely badge, edged the liveries of his male servants, when he kept them, and afterwards, when he took it into his head to be attended only by females, their brown cloth jackets displayed a similar bordering; nay his very market cart was dignified with the crest of his illustrious house, (viz) a lion, such as heralds would designate that which crowns the front of Northumberland-house.

He inherited this pride from his father, who carried it, if possible, still farther than he did, in so much that he lived insulated from many of his most respectable neighbours, because they

could not produce such high testimonials of their ancestry as he could.

Though the son had been brought up at Westminster, a school which has had the reputation of overcoming so far aristocratic pride, as to make the great feel, whatever their birth may be, that they are made of the same materials as the plebeian, for there it falls often to the lot of a duke to be a fag to the son of his father's butcher or baker; yet being of an athletic make, with his national irritability and pride, the whole school was in awe of him, which preserved him from that wholesome discipline which might have brought him more on a level with his fellow creatures.

Of course his company was avoided, and sulkiness and reserve became habitual. However, he was a scholar, and had no bad person; and at his outset in life had shewn some symptoms of gallantry, at least of an amorous disposition.

He was stepping into his twenty-third year, when his father died, and he found

himself his own master, a circumstance that by no means contributed to lower the haughtiness of his *Tewdwr* spirit, but rather to inflame it; yet love, which at that time he began to feel, for a beautiful young lady of eighteen, his cousin, with the same blood of which he boasted in her veins, served a little to soften his manner and convince him, that neither birth, rank, nor fortune, can exempt us from feelings, which, if not abused, do honour to our nature. But alas! it was not his good fortune to have an opportunity long of indulging such feelings, as might have corrected his extravagant conceit of himself, and his descent, and changed it into high sentiment and elegant breeding: for the amiable object of his adoration was suddenly snatched out of life, in the bloom of beauty, by an accident which served greatly to embitter the recollection of her, for she was drowned with another young lady, her companion, on a water party.

His grief was distraction, that terminat-

ed in a settled gloom, which never entirely forsook him, an atmosphere highly favourable to the luxuriant growth of his ruling passion, pride; and as likely to generate another plant, that loves the shade, and thrives most amidst the wilderness of a mind got into disorder from sorrow and disappointment, *false piety*.

His religion was made up of Rousseau and H——h M——e, the worst sort of methodism, that is, methodism in the extreme, with a disproportionate mixture of the philosophy of feeling.

Just at the moment that this new character was forming, the only friend he had on earth or at least whom he acknowledged, a gallant officer in the Company's service in India, a quondam school-fellow at Westminster, who, of the same high-spirited mind and Herculean make with himself, was the only one he could not cow, died, leaving an orphan daughter, then in England and at school, under the care of his Welsh friend, who was her god-father, and now the sole

trustee of a very slender pittance her father had left, but which he had formed the resolution of amply enlarging, by the addition of his own fortune, and adopting her as his child.

In order then to fit her to be his companion through life, and the mistress of that fortune he had destined her for, he immediately took her from the boarding school, where her progress in every kind of female accomplishment surpassed her years, to give such a turn to her education, as might bring her to that standard of female excellence which he had fixed in his own mind, and particularly to instil into hers a proper sense of religion, at an early time of life; that, to use his own words in maturer age, the tree might be known by its fruits, and that grace might abound.

She was just closing her sixteenth year, with the beauty of an angel, tempered with all the delicate softness of the feminine character, which often made her shrink from observation, nay

from herself. Such was the lovely protegée, which this Quixote, verging on forty, had undertaken to bring up.

Though, when his grief (and certainly grieve he did) was mellowed after the loss of his amiable kinswoman, prematurely snatched from him; in an elegy to her memory, which somehow or other got abroad, he professed to think there could be but one love; yet the service he was about to enlist in, was hazardous in the extreme.

'Tis true he had one monarch passion, which domineered it over a heptarchy of minor ones; and the enthusiasm with which he followed up this favourite plan of his, joined to his constitutional pride, seemed to swallow up all the other feelings and interests.

Hunting and shooting were entirely given up, which till then he had pursued with vigour and success, but his new plan of education was his exercise, his amusement, nay the whole business of his life.

The day was most methodically parcelled out, and every portion of it was regulated by clock-work. To an early bell they rose, at the sound of another they prayed in private, which was soon succeeded by prayers for the whole family, consisting all of females, not a male domestic being suffered about the house, at least within doors. In this more public worship, the young lady officiated as chaplain; and prefaced every temperate meal, the time of which never varied a minute, with a long puritanical grace. How much more fervent was my late master the knight's method, when before every meal, he mechanically, as it were, lifted up the tips of his fingers and his eyes for a moment, but with so much of his soul in this devotional act, that it seemed to move every hair on my cawl.

In some respects he acted the part of a father confessor, for he had habituated her to keep a journal of every day, wherein to register every thought, word, or deed; enjoining the strictest ingenu-

ousness and candour, in the minute chronicle, and guarding her against the offence, by clothing it with terrors, of concealing faults of omission, or commission, but she had nothing to disguise, being purity itself; for so exact in all her duties was she that she was even incapable of leaving a single bird in her aviary unprovided for a moment: and this was her only relaxation from severer attentions; there being a large appendage of wire work to one of the rooms within his library for that purpose, looking out into a retired and solitary wood.

He was too sensible of the value of such a gem, not to see that the casket it was lodged in, was doubly secure. She therefore lay in a chamber within his own, and accessible only by the door of his; the windows of which, barricadoed like those of a prison, were not made to lift up.

Thus was this visionary reformer of morals, nursing up a principle which in the end destroyed the very object it was meant

to benefit. Her masters for drawing and musick were continued, but under his immediate eye; as to dancing he was no advocate for it, and she had had sufficient instruction to give gracefulness of motion to her feet and whole body; which she scarce needed, so harmoniously formed by nature was her person.

From the age of fifteen to eighteen, as the learned Schenckius observes, is the most critical period of a woman's life, as to fixing her constitution of mind and body; and most females of that age are entirely under the management and guidance of their own sex; but it was not so with our unhappy heroine; for I much question, if from the moment she left school, she ever had an opportunity of talking in private with any woman; and to the want of such opportunity, probably may be charged all the miseries that marked the last melancholy year of her existence.

She had scarce stepped into her eighteenth year, before the bloom of

beauty began to fade, and the rose yielded to a more dangerous usurper than the lily, the jonquil; a hectick, and a short cough came on at the close of every day, and each succeeding evening increased it; the family receipt book was ransacked, and every culinary nostrum was administered, but in vain; the malady was pronounced to have reached the lungs. Goat's whey, asses' milk, change of air, and the hot wells, were all, in their turns, recommended, and all resorted to.

Yet, notwithstanding all this appearance of rapid consumption, the rigid system of education suffered no abatement, till, as the last experiment, Lisbon or Madeira was prescribed without delay.

————— "With haste, parental haste
He flew, he snatch'd her from the rigid north,
" Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew
' And brought her nearer to the sun; the sun,
' As if the sun could envy, check'd its beam,
' Deny'd its wonted succour, nor with more regre
' Beheld her drooping, than the bells of Lilies,
' Fairest Lilies not so fair!"

But alas! the remedy was applied too

fate, for within a few days after their landing, death terminated her miseries, and his happiness; and this speculative philosopher, her guardian, might justly be said, in the expressive words of the poet,

———————"To have kill'd the Dove
"He fondly grasp'd too close."———

After paying the due honours to her memory in living marble, and inscribing it with the raptures of his own elegiac muse, the disconsolate Mentor returned to England, and in his whole deportment manifested an abstractedness bordering on derangement.

His movements were all desultory and unconnected. The country no longer had any charm for him — as a sportsman he had done with it long since; and he had no resolution to pass any time in a place where every object served to put him in mind of his own folly and what he had lost.

He therefore made such a disposi-

tion of his old family mansion, his valuable demesne, and his other estates, as would produce the largest income, and was determined to retire sulkily within himself, and pass the remainder of his life in obscurity in the metropolis.

To accommodate himself to his new arrangement, he fell upon a total change in the costume of his dress, taking for his model that exhibited in a portrait of his grandfather, in embroidered clothes, and a flowing peruke, of the fashionable cut of the early part of Queen Anne's reign.

This gentleman had been a member of the House, and a staunch Whig, having been one of the hostages for the Prince of Orange, a colour, in commemoration of which, he entailed on the liveries of his family. His grandson in person was said to favour him much, and in point of politics professed in every respect, the same creed.

At this instant my fate was fixed. Till now, from the time he had taken to wigs,

which was when he was only twenty-three, his hair having, not only suddenly turned grey, but fallen off, in consequence of the shock he received from the fate of his beloved cousin, he had worn a tight curled brown unpowdered peruke, which well suited the sportsman and the country gentleman, and might in London still do in a morning; but to match the superb model of his grandfather's wardrobe, he thought it necessary to dignify his head with some such covering when full dressed, as the picture displayed.

Business respecting the new settlement of his property calling him to Carmarthen, he applied to the barbers of that town, if they could furnish him with something of the kind, when I was produced, magnificently buckled and powdered, with as much of my history, as the barber thought would give me consequence, and enhance my value; particularly dwelling on its having once graced the head of our president of the Sea Ser-

jeants, a handsome gentleman, Sir, like yourself. — Then says he, I fear it smells of Tory.

But there was such an irresistible witchery about me at all times that I soon got the better of his Tory scruples, was purchased, packed up, and within two days after found myself once more in the capital; though I was not to be unpacked till a week after, being destined to make my first appearance at the coronation of George the Third, which took place at that period.

The whole arrangement of that day was superb and brilliant, yet it had its drawback; for what a mortification it must have been to me to be seen to issue out of a house in a narrow dirty alley, that runs parallel with a court of notorious fame, ycleped King's Place, for here my strange, and almost misanthropic master, chose to fix his residence; exactly opposite to a petty oyster stall, and within hearing of the ele-

gant dialogues which passed between the ladies of the British fishery.

There is a pride in singularity, and my master's ruling passion never discovered itself more, than in affecting to do what no others did, or would have done, under the same circumstances.

My tight curled brother of the morning, might have gone in and out a thousand times, without being noticed, but whenever I appeared, there was a buzz from over the way, which was soon propagated from one end of the alley to the other, of "*there goes the melancholy gen-*" *tleman with the beautiful wig.*"

It was not only my master's air, which was always certainly of a melancholy cast, that provoked the above remark, but he was never seen to associate or speak, with any one. In short, every thing that related to my master and me, was a tissue of peculiarities.

He kept two servant maids only, and such females as were not capable of awaking

the idea of any thing like beauty, the sight of which was odious to him, and he shunned, since the death of his ward; they had but an eye a piece, and they were not piercers; they were also hump-backed, and otherwise deformed. The head of one of them that best fitted me, was the block on which I was dressed, and aired every morning; for she was to walk about with me on her head, till my cawl felt warm, the signal of transferring me to my master's. Their other ends were daily employed to air the seats of his old coach, before he ventured on them; for in some things he was a valetudinarian in the extreme, yet in those instances his valetudinarianism had such a pleasing tincture of gallantry in it, that one would be almost tempted to forgive him; for all the male head and tail pieces in the kingdom, with the broad bottomed administration taken into the bargain, could not, in his estimation, have had the virtue to impregnate my cawl

and his carriage seats with the genial warmth, that he thought evaporated from his monocular and hump-backed domestics, for they were still women!—

In the course of this remarkable service I became perfectly known all over the town, for my master made a point of never using the same tavern or coffee-house two days successively, frequenting them all in their turns, from St. James's to Whitechapel.

There was an insipid uniform sort of variety in all this; and during all my servitude here, I had only one dashing adventure to chronicle, which, had it not been for a providential circumstance, might have ended in bloodshed.

On the first of March, the festival of the Patron Saint of Wales, David, my master, with all his country and his *Tandwr* blood operating upon him, and I sallied out, his hat ornamented with an enormous leek, with a rich embroidered coat, and sword by his side. Thus habited, he was

suspected to have been the * original from which Hogarth drew his Welshman on that day, in one of his celebrated pictures of the Rake's Progress.

The Turk's Head was the coffee house that came in its turn that day, where we had not been seated many minutes before a gentleman entered, who passed with rapid strides towards the fire and back again, but in his return seemed to rivet his eyes on me.

Now this was a gentleman who it seems had a most inveterate antipathy to wigs in general, and never cast his eye on one, without giving evidence of a wish to pluck it off the head

* Here must be a violent Anachronism, as Hogarth had painted the pictures here referred to many years prior to this period, which was clearly subsequent to the coronation of His present Majesty; wherefore it is much more likely that the proud Welchman took the idea of the costume he appeared in on that day, from the picture of his countryman which Hogarth had there pourtrayed.—E.

of the wearer; a propensity ably accounted for by the ingenious Schenckius in his treatise *De pineali glande*, and in his seventh chapter, *de pathia & antipathia*, where he treats his readers with a long list of likings and dislikings; but among the former, none more singular than those of a man of some rank in Pomerania, who never passed a man without making a stoop at him, putting out his tongue, and licking the sleeve of his coat; and never passed a woman without making an attempt to lay her across his knees and whip her; a propensity too well known, not to excite a terror of him among the ladies, and which he gratified at the hazard of his life, as it had involved him in half-a-dozen duels.

In passing me a second time, just as my master had stooped to take the first sip of his coffee, this misoperukist pounced on me, seized and threw me towards the fire, where I must have been in a blaze in a moment, but for the fortunate interven-

tion of a pot of chocolate, surmounted by a plate of muffins.

The antipathist instantly took to his heels, and my master in the violence of his rage at the indignity offered to himself and his nation on that day, and hoping to overtake him, got entangled in his sword, which broke, and was nearly the cause of dashing his brains out.

On enquiry, it was not known who this insolent aggressor was, he having never been seen but once before in that coffee house, and at a time when there happened to be no wig there.

This strange occurrence my master's pride was so hurt by, that he never went out for a week, but kept brooding over the affront, which he had it not in his power to chastise, and he became more gloomy and irascible.

About this time a new and most ingenious mode was devised for stealing wigs and hats. A man, like a baker, with a large bread basket on his

shoulder, went about with a little boy in the basket, which had a moveable bottom, and a glass pane in it, to lift up, through which the boy saw what was below him. Ever on the watch, the inclosed thief no sooner had his prey in view than he plucked it up, sometimes both hat and wig, but oftener wig alone, the hat being purposely abandoned to foil the scent, and engage the attention of the person plundered. This was generally practised in the dusk of a dark windy evening.

Near the tavern where my master had dined, it happened the basket robber was stationed one night, and the carriage not coming exactly to the minute it was ordered, such latterly was his impatience, that nothing could induce him to wait, but he would walk home. The evening was dark, dirty, and windy. We had not got fifty yards from the tavern, before I was in a moment caught up and pouched; having left the gold laced hat to its fate, which, whilst

my master, thinking all this the effect of a gust of wind, was pursuing, we were got out of sight unsuspected, having sharply turned out of that street into another; and in an hour's time, with a dozen more of my brotherhood, I was turned out into an immense hamper, in a cellar at the back of St. Giles.

Here was an interval of such varied revolution, that it would be as difficult to remember where I was for a week together, as, could I remember it, it would be uninteresting to narrate; for, after passing from my first receiver, the St. Giles's hamper, through two or three Jew bags, as many broker's shops, and once in that time giving consequence to the Mayor of Garratt, I became for some time a fixture in Monmouth Street, and was at last purchased by a genteel looking man one night, together with some tawdry old clothes, which were immediately packed up in a bundle, paid for, and carried off.

This genteel looking man, it seems,

was no other than one of those useful hireling dependents on a profligate of fashion, called a pimp.

Would you think it, that after having administered to the convenience, the comfort, and the dignity of kings, heroes, statesmen, poets, and moralists, I should have been doomed to assist in a disguise assumed to bring about the basest of purposes, no less than the debauching the wife of so near a relation, as made it every thing but incest, and that I was to form a principal ingredient in the masked character the debauchee was to personate, who, as Shakespear says,

> "Was going the primrose way
> To the everlasting bonfire."
>
> Macbeth, Act 2. Scene 3.

The seeds of this unhappy connexion had been sown in London, that hot-bed of vice, and in one of the hottest of its hot-beds, a masquerade, a species of entertainment, that for many years had fallen into disuse, and was then just re-

vived, out of compliment to the King of Denmark, who was at that time a visitor at the English court.

The revival of this amusement raised a great clamour among the divines, and the seriously disposed of every description. The bench of bishops felt it, from Llandaff to Canterbury. As to me, I may be supposed to have a bias in its favour, as I owe my chief celebrity to it, and therefore studiously avoid discussing the subject. But thus much there is no concealing, that soon followed a most luxuriant crop of *crim. con.* causes, like mushrooms after a thunder-storm.

My present master was the Lothario of the day, young, rich, and handsome, and following fashion in the extreme, for he used half a pound of powder more to thicken his club of hair than the Earl of A——m; wore pink heels to his shoes, and a flesh-colour stock in the dog-days; with women he considered himself irresistible; his motto was *Veni, vidi, vici,*

and the success of his intrigues seemed to justify his claim to it.

Of course there was no masquerade without him, particularly as the object of his adoration having given room for suspicion of some levity in her conduct, was doubly guarded and watched, and there was no hopes of gaining access to her, though he had so very powerful an assistant in the *genteel looking man*, but through this medium. He therefore contrived to find out that the lady was to be at the masquerade in the Opera house the following night, in the habit of a nun of the Ursuline order, and to communicate, in return, that he would be there as a gypsey fortune-teller.

As far as the licence of this amusement would permit, the tactics on each side were ably managed, and turned to the best account; the gypsey made her science of palmistry very eloquent, and found out the lines that connect with the heart; and the nun told her beads so significantly, that a mutual language,

only known to themselves, was soon formed. In short, Lothario had his Calista's avowal that her heart was entirely his, as would be her person, if he could find out means of getting at it, and that he so absolutely engrossed her thoughts, that her husband and children had no room there.

During this time, *the genteel looking man*, his secretary, was not inactive, but playing a very necessary part without a mask, at a porter-house, where he learned that the coachman of the family came every evening to take his beer, and there he discovered that in two days time the family were to set out for their seat in Scotland.

The coachman, who appeared to have a considerable share of low wit, was inclined to be facetious on the subject; "My lady, they say, betrays too for-"ward a growth in some things in "this warm climate; ripens too fast, "you understand me, and ought to "be checked; if cold will do it, she

" will have enough there, for it be a
" rare country, as our gardener says,
" to backen plants, and make them
" hardy. — Ecod, I believe my lady is a
" gay one, she has a wicked eye of her
" own, for all the world like one of
" my *bays*."

This news was no sooner communicated to my master, than his fertile imagination fell immediately to work; a journey to Scotland was unavoidable, therefore, after rehearsing our whole plan of operations, which my master always did on paper, like a great general before he hazarded the field, we got every thing in readiness to follow the lady, post haste to the North.

In this adventure, my master, supported by me, meant to personate a mountebank cutter of corns, with which he knew the lady to be much afflicted, in consequence of her having from an early time confined her feet to keep them small, or make them smaller, though there might be something that lay still

deeper, which she wished to have radically removed, and he fancied he had skill to accomplish.

In four days we were on the scene of action. Bills had been prepared to announce the arrival of this surprising quack in the next town to the lady's mansion, not above a mile off, which the *genteel looking man* had the charge of distributing.

The bill distributor likewise had to play an under part in the plot, with the Abigail, for which he was eminently qualified, having a good person, all the cant of low compliment, consummate impudence, no principle, and professing to know a little of corn cutting; the lady's maid, is that sort of breast-work that must be won before any attempt be made to storm the citadel.

And thus far the plot was successful, for this was done effectually. The Abigail was so charmed with his address, that had she a corn at the bottom of her heart, he would have been suffered

to have taken it out; and nothing would satisfy her till she had introduced him to the presence of her lady, before whom he expatiated on the unrivalled skill of his master, and launched out into a most florid panegyric; and whilst the Abigail was gone to fetch her lady's bonnet, took an opportunity of slipping a note, together with some of his bills into her hand, which left her mistress of the whole plot; then respectfully bowing, withdrew.

The lady having read the bill, which promised much, seemed very desirous of consulting the Doctor which her maid much encouraged, as she was equally anxious to consult the attendant; and the next evening was appointed for an interview.

The Doctor was punctual to a minute, and under my auspices made so deep an impression on all who saw him, that they agreed in thinking highly of his pretensions, assured that there must be wisdom in such a wig.

His first visit was always short. After a few questions respecting those horny substances, so painful to beauty, and after examining the lovely toes they tormented, he said he would prepare the necessary applications, hoping there would be no need of resorting to the knife, or any thing very caustick; however, he said he would do his endeavour to get to the bottom of the evil, with the least possible pain.

During this short parley, in the antichamber her maid was submitting her feet to the decision of the attendant, which, she said, he felt so tenderly, that she was sure he could not hurt her.

The following evening was appointed for the operations on the lady and maid. The lady's dressing room opened to a terrace, by which every body was admitted, without the necessity of going through the house, and by which we were the following day let in.

There was nothing talked of by the enamoured Abigail but the smartness of

the doctor's attendant, which not a little nettled the Lord's valet, who had betrayed a strong penchant for her, which till now he flattered had met with a suitable return; but now, alas! he was nothing to the corn cutter. His pride was wounded and jealousy inflamed to such a degree, that he was resolved to blow up the whole business.

He had in his own mind long suspected an intrigue between a certain Gentleman and his lady, that was buzzed about in the scandalous circles before they had left town, and from what he had seen of this boasted quack, notwithstanding the astonishing disguise, I alone produced, aided by the most artful colouring of the face, a patch over one eye, and an artificial nose so exquisitely incorporated with the face, he fancied he saw through the whole a juvenility and person that wanted to be concealed.

He therefore took the liberty of communicating his suspicions to his lord, who, the better to bring about a dis-

covery, pretended to set out on a journey of business, which would detain him two or three days. This being intentionally noised abroad, was most excellent news for the corn-cutters.

It was a mild May evening, when the masked adulterer was admitted through the glass-door opening to the terrace, the window of which was left half open. The lovers had not been long together, before, as was concerted between the nobleman and his valet, the husband, now roused to a pitch of phrenzy, came to the door which opened into her room from the house, and finding it bolted, he, with the assistance of his man, forced it open, just as the disguised adulterer was making his escape through the open window, and furiously plunged at him with his sword, which ran me through, who had, fortunately for the head that wore me, caught by a small tenter hook in the lower frame of the sash, to which occasionally bird cages were hung, and thus saved it from entering my master's pineal

gland. He drew back his sword, not knowing what he might have done, and fell half lifeless on the guilty sofa, whilst the lady, in a state of seeming distraction, sunk at his feet.

The *genteel looking man* having dispatched his patient, and finding how things had turned out, availed himself of the confusion within, and seeing me dangling by my hook, caught me off and flew to overtake the doctor, before he entered the town, to reinstate me.

We arrived at our inn before it was possible that any of this uproar could possibly have transpired. The carriage we came in was ordered immediately, and we set off by totally a different road from what we came; and we had not left the town long before all disguise was removed.

I was now discarded, with a stab to my reputation, and turned over to my *genteel looking friend*, who had been accessory to the loss of many a reputation, and had a happy facility at repair-

ing them, or at least putting a good face upon things.

It happened luckily, for me, that the *genteel looking man* had been originally a barber, and had a brother of the trade in a thriving way near the Temple, who had some little merit in making bar wigs. To him then I was assigned, who proposed healing my breach with a serjeant's black patch, having just had an order to prepare a wig for Serjeant Davy, and finding in my composition so much of my primitive materials, the fine grey hair of the horse-stealer, with very little of the horse, which the serjeant was particularly hostile to, I was again refitted, and was first mounted by my new master to do honour to a great *nisi prius* cause, tried before a special jury at Guild-hall, in which he was employed for the city of London, having Mr. Dunning for his opponent; who, notwithstanding the acuteness and subtlety of his arguments, was fairly overpowered by the superior talents of my wearer, in cross examination

of evidence, and popularity in addressing a jury.

In person, certainly, the serjeant had the advantage, who had an imposing figure and a fine face; whilst the learned little pleader was the very reverse, with the addition of a very unhappy paralytic-like affection, which kept his head continually moving, as if it was loose and oscillating in a socket, like that of a Chinese mandarin figure on a chimney-piece; and his eloquence was so interterrupted by hemming, hawing, and coughing, that the effect of the former sentence was lost, before he could bring another out to string on; whilst the serjeant, on the other hand, with a face of undaunted assurance, yet capable of a variety of expression, conciliatory and sarcastic, and an easy flow of plain and unpremeditated language, every word of which was calculated to tell and be felt, in general won on the court and jury, and this without being considered to have much law, or other learning.

During this very trial, how my vanity was awakened by a compliment that fell from the serjeant's learned opponent, and which was allowed not to have been overstrained! Being very hard run by some simple blunt truths from the serjeant; he said, "there is no reason-"ing with my learned friend; with him "it is so, because it is so. Why had not "some portion of that remarkable soft-"ness which characterizes his wig, like "the foam of the waves from which the "queen of love is said to have sprung, "been communicated to the head it "covers, with which nothing soft and "amiable is connected, one impenetrable "hard substance, with too little plia-"bility for persuasiveness, and too "much obstinate rigidity for convic-"tion."

It must be allowed, that the fleecy softness of my appearance, had a foil in the wig of my antagonist, which looked for all the world in covering his head, as if his wig, like himself, had been at a

brothel instead of a barber's shop the night before.

To the serjeant has been ascribed a new title in our family, by a * vulgar addition to the *bob*, which, after coming from a hot court, where he had been for hours exerting himself, he even

* I have heard this asserted with a greater degree of probability of a much greater lawyer, Lord N—— n, who, as well as his brother W—— s, was fond of something fat, and was said, even from the bench, to make use now and then of *double entendres*, not the most delicate. But Serjeant Davy, though harsh and coarse in his manner of examining evidence, and hard-mouthed enough in court, yet in private life, like his brother Serjeant Griffith Pryce, had as much of the milk of human kindness in his disposition as any man living, and was very chaste, though always pleasantly humourous in his conversation, as I can for a truth attest, who have often heard him, without any reserve or affectation, give his history over a bottle of choice Burgundy at his own table, I may say, his birth, parentage, and education; from which he has retired to take tea with his amiable daughter, in an arbour of his garden at Fulham, who, as I am told she is still living at Bath, should her eye ever chance to encounter this page, may perhaps recollect the then *young* friend of her father, who has listened with rapture to her enchanting strains. E.

before the ladies would wish for, when he exchanged me for the green velvet cap, which, for the remainder of the evening, if he had no company, he always wore.

The compliment paid me by Dunning stuck too close to me to be easily forgotten, and I became such a favourite, that of half a dozen others, I was the only one in use, or with very few exceptions, whilst the serjeant lived, and had my pride highly gratified by being preferred to attend him to court, on his appointment of king's serjeant.

But I was again to experience a sad reverse of fortune, for this service, the most respectable and equal I had ever experienced, was suddenly put an end to by the death of the serjeant, and I was rather humiliatingly, with the others of my fraternity, as well as his books, gowns, bands, and wardrobe, submitted to the hammer.

It was however my good fortune to meet with a purchaser of discrimination,

(and who could not discriminate when I was the object?) I was bought by a man who united the trades of perfumer and periwig-maker, but principally dealt in artificial dyes for the hair, so as to produce any colour desired, by a process warranted no way unpleasant or hurtful.

My new purchaser, like every other charlatan, had a considerable share of cunning, and address, and finding in me something out of the common way, bethought him of a new bait, that he fancied would be likely to take with several of his literary customers, of which he had not a few; and as it was at that time much the rage, not only to write the life of Milton, but to hunt out busts, paintings, prints, nay to trace him through all his different places of residence, from Forest-hill to Bunhill-row, he was disposed to think that nothing would excite more curiosity than to hang me out, as having the basis of my structure authenticated to be the great poet's hair, when grown grey.

Thus designated, I was exposed at his window, with a very conspicuous label, which had the desired effect of producing numerous enquiries, and filling my master's shop.

But one day a respectable clergyman happened to call, who had been for two years in the habit, at different times, of buying his famous dye for the hair. This gentleman had been prevailed upon, by the flattery of the ladies, and particularly of an old aunt, who lamented that his hair was turned prematurely grey, and had lost that beautiful auburn she remembered forty years ago, when with rapture she used to curl it and kiss it, to make an experiment of the dye, which for one year certainly had the effect of restoring the primitive colour of his hair, and with it a look of wonderful juvenility; but by a more frequent use of it, for the last year, it had caused the hair to assume successively all the prismatic colours, till it finally seemed to settle in a mixture between purple and green.

Another man would have sworn, and probably run over all the muster roll of execrations in Tristram Shandy; but the divine was a person of most exemplary morals, through whose lips nothing profane was ever known to transpire.

He came however warmly to remonstrate against the imposition and the farther use of his nostrum, and to take measures for getting rid of its abominable effects, which he saw no other way of doing than by taking measure for a wig, particularly as he was just preferred to a stall in an Irish cathedral.

'Tis true that even many of the Irish bishops, like their Celtic ancestors, who were called *Galli comati*, are known to wear their own fine flowing hair, but then it is neither purple nor green, so that he considered nothing but a wig would do to remove this ludicrous peculiarity, and give him that importance, which, uniting with the other part of his cathedral costume, the fillibeg of silk, and the shovel hat, both which he

had already adopted, would qualify him for his new preferment.

By this time his eye had found me and my label out. The trap snapped at once, and he was caught. "Milton's hair!" he rapturously exclaimed, "divine, im-"mortal bard! thy poetry, thy politics, "thy principles, I have ever loved and "admired, and the head that shall wear "thy hair surely cannot fail to feel in-"spiration!" It was agreed then, that out of me should be made a wig, on the model of a modern English bishop's, but a little reduced, with a reef in it.

Here this little fraud was to stop, and I was reserved for an adventure much more exalted than any I had been as yet advanced to, or even, with all my native ambition, could have aspired to; and the Irish dignitary, instead of me or the pretended locks of the great Milton, was fobbed off with half the coarse growth of a pirate's head, hanged at Blackwall; the other half having been already used to furnish a peruke for an

eminent member of the Royal Society, to supply the place of one which had been fairly scratched and worn off his head, during its agitation, on having discovered, by mere accident, that the house he had long lived in had but one staircase, and searching all over the town for another to his liking, with two.

My Miltonic label was hardly taken off, and before I was removed into a different situation, when another customer, with his hair, by the use of the dye, turned into an orange colour, entered the shop, in a most outrageous passion at the effects of the nostrum, vowing vengeance, prosecutions, fire and sword; and, after he had vented his fury a little, to advise what to do.

The charlatan, cool and collected amidst the storm, with the utmost complacency bent the head, saying it was not chargeable on the dye, the change he referred to, but to the age of the person using it, a circumstance he did not conceal when it was first applied for.

This violent gentleman was an alderman of Norwich, turned of fifty, as was the Irish dignitary, an age beyond which the unvaried virtue of the dye was not warranted.

There was no other alternative, either to continue orange-headed or wear a wig, which certainly was a very becoming appendage to a member of so ancient a corporation as Norwich, and therefore I was made use of as a decoy.

Conscious of the fascinating air I possessed, the artful hair-dyer threw me into such an attitude and light as made me irresistible; and the alderman was so taken as instantly to bespeak me, after suggesting a few trifling alterations to abate my train.

In a week's time I was off the block, fitted to order and delivered, and in another week was engaged to ascend, on the head of my new master, in a balloon, together with the late great statesman Mr. Windham.

Many and various were the scenes I

had passed through on earth, but now I was fated to act a conspicuous part in the clouds. From what I observed during my aerial excursion, I could have given some new hints on the *pineal gland* to the learned Schenckius; and, from the pulsations I felt, if I rightly construed them, might be proved a much more intimate and immediate connection between the top and bottom of man, than is generally supposed. In short, I perceived that the exalted Alderman felt more than he was willing to express, and though his family motto was *per ardua ad astra*, and probably might have influenced him to the enterprise, that could he have foreseen the feelings he was to encounter, he would have preferred walking through life orange-headed on terra firma, than with such an ornament as mine on His head, have hazarded a voyage to the skies. And if the truth was known, perhaps the great statesman, with all his acknowledged nerve, might have been of the same sentiment with

the manufacturer of crape, his constituent.

Nor did I at all like my situation. What was the battle of the Boyne, Marlborough's campaigns, or a city debauch, to this? for I had cause to congratulate myself that my pate was not singed by a thunder cloud, or my flowing honours steeped in the German ocean.

With my descent, my service on the Alderman expired: for, besides his considering me rather too pompous in my appearance for him, he never wished to be reminded of his late terrific situation above this world, which, on sight of me, always recurred; but as he had a nephew, who, in consequence of having often heard the great Norfolk barrister, Mingay, plead, and having his head, when a boy, once stroked by him, disdaining the narrow limits of a counter, with the seals and a peerage haunting his dreams by night, and gilding his fancy by day, had been encouraged to enter at the Temple, and was the following term to be called to the

Bar; he made him a present of me, as my materials were of the first quality, and very little alteration would be necessary to restore me to what I lately had been. I was therefore again put into the hands of the man I was last bought from, to have me retouched and enlarged to the Bar fashion; by the accession of what was pruned from me, to accomodate the Alderman's taste.

The head I was now to cover had nothing in it, without a single movement worthy of being watched or remarked, and yet was stuck on the body of a "marvellous proper young man;" and at his Bar dinner, I was the admiration of all his guests, all of them gentlemen of the first rank, breeding, and talents, in the whole society; among whom were Mr. A———t, who now fills with honor and dignity, the first chair in the kingdom, and Sir B—— H———e, who has occasionally filled a similar chair, with equal ability. This was as fortunate for me, as they were all men of taste and discrimination, and could separate the

man from the wig, as it was unfortunate for the gentleman, who, without having had any previous knowledge of this initiated Barrister, at the request of Mr. Windham, anxious to shew some attention to the son of one of his Norwich constituents, had introduced him, taking him by the hand for that day, and brought the guests together, to his no small mortification, and not less to their surprize; who were at a loss to account how the introduced and the introducer, whom they all respected as a scholar and a gentleman, souls so dissimilar, could have ever formed an acquaintance.

In a company select as this was, the conversation, as may be supposed, was various and interesting.

A well timed silence * has often been

* On young men, particularly at their outset in life, the following admonition of the great tragic Poet, could not be too frequently inculcated.—

Ω παι σιωπα, πολλ' εχει σιγη καλα.

Sophocles, Aleasi.

Hold thy tongue good boy! there are many great advantages in keeping silence.

known to conceal a defect of knowledge; nay, has sometimes given one credit for profound erudition. Now a modest silence in my wearer, and the master of the feast would have been a merit; but he was garrulous and communicative; yet Drapery was still uppermost, and floated like oil a-top. The shop stuck to him, he smelt of it, and before half the claret was drunk, every one of his guests knew that his father sold broad cloth, and his mother was daughter of a blue skin of Frome. *

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* As some confirmation of this anecdote, I shall never forget my having passed the evening of that very day this memorable bar dinner was given, at a Gentleman's chamber in the Temple, when the two Gentlemen here mentioned were of the party, who had just left the Middle Temple Hall, after the claret was exhausted, and communicated all the circumstances of the feast, and their entertainer, as here told, perhaps in some respects a little caricatured, but with the leading features the same, only that they represented their host, the son of a *Man Milliner* instead of a *Draper*. And I was afterwards credibly informed that Mr. Windham's friend, who had unhappily undertaken to recommend this sample of *Man Millinery* was so mortified, that he never was seen to eat another dinner in the Hall. E.

However, called to the Bar he certainly was, took chambers, learned short hand, attended the courts very regularly, and kept me, and his gown, at Alis's coffee house. But for a motion, ever so common, he could not make it; not for want of brass, but brains, from totally mistaking his talents; yet he still had hopes of getting the better of what was a radically incurable defect, the want of head, not face; therefore still persevered, blundering and sweating on, till in the space of a year he had rotted two cawls and me almost off his head, when a ludicrous circumstance put an end to his misery and humiliation, as well as mine.

About the year 1790, a remarkable high tide, such as had not been known for a century before, happened, and inundated Westminster Hall, and the adjoining coffee-houses, setting all the gowns and wigs there hanging up afloat, so that as it fell out in term time, and in the night, it was necessary to get the wigs dried for the Barristers, by the early hour in the morning they would

be wanted. Earthen pitchers were therefore provided, and the wigs were put in promiscously, and sent to an oven to bake; by which process they were so contracted, and otherwise altered, that none of them exactly fitted, and few knew their own.

In this strange confusion, occasioned by the effect of oven heat, and the capacity of heads, I experienced a transitory joy, in having had the good fortune to cover the head of Mr. J———l, a noted witty Barrister, on the Western Circuit, for one morning, which put me again in humour with myself; but the real owner, the shop-man, who had been used to private marks all his life time, specifying his, by B. says C. challenged, and reclaimed me: but finding that to enable me to pass muster again, I was to be almost entirely renovated, at a considerable expence, my master, on due consideration of every thing, and now satisfied that he was not likely to rise to the rank of Attorney-General, gave up

his profession, paid his clerk, in part with his wig, retired behind the counter again, and was ever after dignified with the title of Serjeant Draper. *

Though by this last oven ordeal, and the seat of dulness I had so long occupied, methought I had lost much of my debonnaire appearance, yet there was no destroying the *tout ensemble* of my gen-

* I remember, in my younger days, to have heard at Lincoln's Inn, a story of this kind, respecting that eminent Chancery Lawyer, Mr. Maddox, who was son to a respectable Shopkeeper at *Ruthin*, in Denbighshire, and when on the Circuit, and out of Court, and probably in the long vacation, when he used to visit his native town, frequently served customers in his father's shop; and from that circumstance was jocularly styled, by his brother Circuiteerers, Serjeant Draper.

The family of Maddox was of great Antiquity, being descended from a follower of Edward the First, an Englishman of rank, *Sir Roger Pounderling*, who, in a combat with a Welshman, had one of his eyes struck out, and being pressed to renew the fight, very wisely declined it, not wishing to hazard the other. This gallant Knight's effigy, over his grave, is to be seen in Diserth Church, Flintshire, and it would be curious to ascertain if he is represented with one eye. E.

tility, and I was now destined to enrich the collection of an obscure amateur of my family, a writer to an eminent attorney in North Wales, who was celebrated for his curious assortment of wigs, and walking sticks; which the person to whom I was transferred by the disgusted Barrister, being nephew to his collector, thought I would prove a great addition and ornament.

This collector, for the last twenty-five years, had made a point of appearing on his birth-day in a different wig, which he most religiously kept with solemn festivity; entertaining his friends in a room hung round with the trophies of former years; and I was presented, not doubting of his acceptance of me for the celebration of the approaching anniversary.

In this retirement I remained for two years lost to the world; though well preserved, and treated with all the respect due to my rank, and that might have

been looked for from so professed an admirer.

At last the old gentleman died, the number of wigs in his possession amounting to that of the years of his age, seventy-eight, all cabinet specimens; an unrivalled collection for variety, as well as number.

The reversion of this valuable treasure had been long settled on another nephew of his, who had contributed, from time to time, to enlarge it, and who was himself an ingenious man, and an eminent perruke maker near the Temple.

When I consider the variety of revolutions I have been doomed to undergo, the hair-breadth escapes I have passed on earth, and above the clouds, amidst fire and brimstone, the baking, the dying, and bedevilling a thousand ways; from the head of a monarch, to the mayor of Garratt; now torpid with lead in every curl, attending ignorance, and anon all buoyancy taking flight with genius, I am astonished that an atom of me is left, and

therefore inclined to think that there is no possibility of fairly destroying me, but that I am ultimately reserved for some great event, and may be likened to the slippers * of Aboul Casem Tambourifort; for here I still exist, and the fates have not done with me.

At this memorable period of my eventful history, it happened that two or three young men of fashion, possessed of a considerable share of wit and homour, great encouragers, and constant frequenters of public masquerades, and private masqued balls, eternally varying their characters, and supporting all alike with wonderful ability; had purveyors all over the kingdom, for collecting my fraternity, of every age, name, and cut, assured that nothing contributes to disguise the human person, or give such diversity of character to it, so much as a

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* See Cardonne's Eastern Tales for an account of the Slippers here alluded to, and a well known song on the same subject. E.

well adapted periwig—and nothing tends to confirm this more than the well known circumstance of the two Aldermen of Oxford having nearly lost their lives, merely by an accidental change of their wigs, the wig belonging to the fat well fed alderman, having been, by mistake, carried to his meagre brother, and *vice versâ*, which produced such a material alteration in their looks, as to strike their most intimate acquaintance, and induce remarks indicative of alarm, as to their health, in so much, that, in consequence of such frequent and uniform observations of their friends in the course of the day, and their own shock at consulting their glasses, they took to their respective beds; from which perhaps they might never have risen, but might there have languished and died, had not the barber in the evening, when he came, as usual, to fetch away their wigs to be dressed for the next day, perceived his error, and dissipated their fancied apprehensions.

Now the person to whose possession I had fallen, as legatee to his uncle's museum, after my return from North Wales, was one of the principal agents of the above mentioned gentlemen for wig collecting; on whom they were frequently in the habit of calling to examine his catalogue; taking as much delight in turning over volumes of curls, as Dibdin, and his Biblomaniac brotherhood, do volumes of black letter, your *Caxtons*, and *Wynkin de Wordes.* Not but what they were themselves indefatigable in their search after the most dignified and curious individuals of my family, and one of them was just returned at that time from a Northern tour; in the course of which he had added to his museum an infinite variety of Scandinavian and truly magnificent German specimens; and literally was in possession of the undoubted peruke worn by the great Naturalist, Linnæus, when he filled the chair at Upsal.

These gentlemen were fond of masque-

rading in its fullest extent, and particularly loved to promote that species of laughable disguise called a hoax, which as conducted by them within due limits, was often calculated to answer a moral purpose, to prove the fallibility of every thing man pretends to know, and reason upon; and how liable we are to delusion, from a statue of Phidias, or a picture of Titian, to a Queen Ann's farthing; or the Shakespear Mulberry tree, of which the great philosopher Boyle, was so sensible, that he was afraid to trust to one demonstration only, and was not thoroughly satisfied, that he might not be deceived, till his conclusions were fortified by two or three.

These gentlemen also knew, what an insatiable curiosity attends Vertu in every class of it, whether medallist, botanist, biblomaniac, wiggomaniac, or the general antiquary. For how often do we see books sought with avidity, and bought dearly by the lawyer said to have MS. notes, by Plowden or Coke, which pro-

bably were written not a year before by an artful attorney's clerk, in ink and hand-writing, with the age of two centuries given it to impose? And how many Tunbridge boxes, well imitated, have been sold for the growth of Stratford-upon-Avon, yet the name attached, has given them the necessary currency, and carried them off as genuine? But nothing is so liable to deception, as Antiquarianism.

It is confidently said, that the society at large is frequently hoaxed, and individuals hourly, from the belief in the nail-stone, to that of the reputed parings of the great lexicographer, Johnson's nails, and those of his fellow traveller the laird of Auchinleck, which a shrewd tradesman at Edinburgh exhibited in two parcels nicely wrapped up in two manuscript leaves of a voyage to the Hebrides, the one professing to contain those of three months in England, the other those of three months in Scotland, by way of

ascertaining the comparative state of the growth of nails in the different latitudes; from which it appeared, that they grew less in a northern climate. Whereas what the vendor had pompously superscribed the *Reliquiæ Fingerendianæ* of the above literary characters, were only the superfluities of the fingers of his own family, saved and amassed for the purpose of deception, yet were bought at a great price, as being what they pretended to.

With this view of things, and panting for a good hoax, these facetious wig amateurs thought that advertizing Linnæus's wig, together with his bust, would be very likely to attract the attention of the Linnæan Society, then arrived at a high degree of celebrity, by having to boast among its members, some of the principal literati of the day, the gentlemen wig hunters having also heard that they were very desirous of possessing either portrait, bust, or any other authen-

tic memorial of the great botanist, wherewith to decorate their library.

This then was the moment to spring the hoaxing mine. When therefore those wig amateurs called on their purveyor, and found this immense accession to their collection, and me superbly placed on one of his loftiest stands, as a herald of the treasure, I was at once fixed upon to personate the Upsal professor's periwig, the cawl of which, to give it an air of more originality, they caused to be inlaid with the name of Linnæus in coloured silks, and had two additional tails put on, to imitate in shape the bloom of the Iris, and the middle twisted stiffer dependence, to represent, as near as hair and fine wire could be made to do it, a large Californian pine cone, a rare species, to do honour to the learned Swede, who like Solomon,

"Spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

An advertisement on this was drawn

up, and appeared, that a bust of the great botanist, together wlth his real peruke, was to be seen and sold, belonging to a Swede of some distinction, who was just leaving England, and as I said before, I was distinguished out of many, to play this conspicuous part on the barber's block, which now passing for a piece of that lime-tree which grew on the farm where Linnæus was born, and gave to his ancestors the surnames of Filander, Lindelius and Linnæus, had been curiously modelled after an original print, by an ingenious young Scotchman, a journeyman in the shop, who had been from a boy accustomed to work into various forms tobacco and snuff-boxes, with his knife, so that had it been carved from life, the peculiarities of the original could never have been more happily hit off, his head being, as it is described, and as the prints seemed to justify, large; the sinciput unusually high, and look piercing. The shoulders were then overlaid with wax-work drapery,

and his order of the polar star, and the whole made to issue out of an immense ciborium of the Egyptian bean admirably imitated in wax-work too.

The bait took, and within two or three days, the house where I was exhibited was crowded by devotees to sexual classification, and the loves of the plants; and before the end of the week, I was actually purchased, together with the Linnæan bust I surmounted, by a celebrated botanist, near Grosvenor-square, with an intent of presenting the society with it to ornament their library.

But preparatory to his doing this, he gave an entertainment at his own house, to which were invited some of the most eminent members of the Linnæan Society, as well as Mr. L. and Mr. C. those illustrious cognoscenti in the *Encyclopedie Perruquiere*, by way of introducing this Scandinavian stranger. The company consisted of Doctor Satisbon, Mr. Halen who had penetrated into the interior of

Africa, Mr. S. who once possessed the most complete botanick garden in the kingdom, not a *hortus siccus*, but a *hortus viridis & vivus*, a hobby that he rode till he was tired, or rather till he had a new hobby to ride; a noble Marquis, who, by his patronage and example, has greatly promoted the sciences; and a noble Lord who has enriched the world with a journal of his zeal in the study of nature in general, but particularly in his search into the arcana of the vegetable world, and a professed admirer of the great Swedish oracle.

Our enthusiastick host had previously placed me and my stand on a pedestal in the drawing-room, behind crimson silk curtains, whither the company, soon after dinner, seemed unanimously inclined to adjourn, so that the rites of Bacchus were abridged for the devotion claimed by this new and nobler object of their idolatry.

Impatient curiosity sat on the face of

every guest; and with becoming reve-verence they approached their high priest.

But when the curtains were thrown open, and the great Linnæus burst upon the view, as if the wisdom all centred in the wig, on me was lavished the first compliment, for as I have already said, and perhaps shall have occasion to say again, there was a witchery inseparable from my whole air that was sure to attract notice at all times, but particularly by the happy accession of my brace of tails, *a la Fleur de lys*, and my pine cone drop at my nape, on the then present company.

From me the admiration descended to my wearer. "What an eye," said Doctor Satisbon, "an eye with which he "looked all nature through. O thou of "men most highly favoured, to whom "she was pleased to unveil her secrets, "admitting thee into her most retired "haram. To thee we owe the disco-"very that the vegetable, like the ani-

" mal creation, is conscious of that uni-
" versal principle, Love, and that plants
" have their courtships, their intrigues,
" and their marriages, like us." Then again

> " Back to the wig their admiration flew,
> 'Twas I, 'twas I, their whole attention drew.

" What a covering" rapturously exclaimed Mr. Halen, " would this have
" been for the Abyssinian head of *Doc-*
" *tor Esther* or *Guebra Mehedin*, the
" Lion-killer, nay, it would have given
" a more intelligent character to the
" *Ras* himself."

In short, all allowed that the periwig was an invaluable treasure, as having been in contact with the real head of him to whom the world was indebted for that science, to illustrate and advance which they were incorporated as a society which could not too highly estimate this present of their learned host.

All the company then, after withdrawing their eyes from me, turning to Mr.

L——n, as to an amateur of the first rank, in this or any other kingdom, with one voice, "let us ask you, Sir, do you "not think that there is something like "intrinsic evidence in the wig before us, "that it must have been Linnæus's?" "Why Gentlemen," replied Mr. L——n, "I admire your zeal, which has broke "out into those enthusiastic apostro- "phes to the wig and its block, alter- "nately; but having seen the advertise- "ment, I, of course, was induced to "make my enquiries as to the subject of "it, having reason to suspect an impos- "ture, but was told it was purchased, "and that the person to whom it was "said to have belonged, had suddenly "left the kingdom, and I had the best "of all possible reasons for suspecting it "to have been an imposture, which was "this, that I am actually possessed of the "very identical wig of Linnæus, which "was given me by a distant relation of "the learned professor, and was con- "stantly worn by him officially, when he

" filled the chair at Upsal, than which,
" of so majestic a fashion, he never
" had any other, as his ordinary wig was
" a very simple unostentatious composi-
" tion. Besides, the professor's, though
" truly superb, had nothing of the cha-
" racter of that before us, as I shall
" convince you by producing it, and
" requesting the society will accept of
" it as the undoubted periwig they
" have been in quest of, an inestima-
" ble acquisition they may justly attri-
" bute to the innocent hoax practised
" on them.—The impostor will do as
" well in my collection, and may serve
" to encrease the humour of a masque-
" rade, as the genuine perruke of Lin-
" næus."

Thus I reverted to this gentleman, whom the whole company unanimously agreed to propose, next meeting, for an honorary member.

In the service of this new master I did not want for employ, as in town and country there was hardly a masquerade,

public or private, that I did not bear a part in, my master being remarkably happy in accommodating characters to suit me, and equally so in supporting them when adopted; and, from the versatile ductility of my materials, and that *je ne scai quoi* of air and fashion, that was inseparable from me, it was difficult to find a cast of part that would not suit me, therefore consequently I was more in demand than any other of my brethren, numerous and varied as they were in his cabinet.

This was certainly the most pleasing revolution I ever underwent, full of mirth, bustle, and racket, passed in the very first circles, and amply compensated for the frequent torpor, neglect, solitude, disgrace, and danger, I, at different times experienced, in some, if not most, of my former services.

Crowning my present master's head, I was the admiration of the women, and the envy of the men, and every morning paper was sure to contain a tributary

eulogium on the wearer and me; nay, it has been said, that so irresistible was the wit and humour, which my master, under my influence, displayed, as to produce on the ladies the same effect that Sir Thomas Urquhart, asserts the versatile wit of that wonderful genius of Scotland, Crichton, always occasioned.

But such is the uncertainty of every thing sublunary! my happiness was not to last. Two or three years had rolled away in the manner I have described; another year was just commenced, and meant to be devoted to similar, nay to more exalted festivity, as my master's hymeneals were at hand, and that winter in London was to be a scene of uninterrupted mirth and pleasure to suit the occasion, the union of wit and beauty.

My master's whole wig museum was therefore ordered to be packed up, together with a large album of appropriate speeches, addresses, and poetical *jeux d' esprits* called his *masqueradiana*, many of the best of which were votive offerings at

my shrine, a most curious melange of original genius, whether considered independant of, or connected with, the subjects that gave rise to them, and which they were intended to illustrate.

In the trunk that contained me, and my satellites, was also packed up a small casket of my hairy brotherhood belonging to another amateur, my master's friend and rival, in the annals of masquerading, who was soon to follow us to town, and from whose beautiful seat in the country, where we had been spending our Christmas, we took our departure.

It was the middle of January, of a clear mild frosty morning, with a bright sun, and an Italian sky, when the trunk I was in was tied on for a delightful journey, that was ultimately to lead to the land of matrimony; and every thing around us seemed to augur success and happiness.

The sun has been sometimes compared

to a bridegroom—but with how much greater propriety might a bridegroom be compared to the sun; and to this orient sun, might I now have compared my master. Health and pleasure beamed from his eyes, and every tube in my frame, in unison with him, seemed inflated with joy.

But who in the morning can presume to say that the bliss he then enjoys, may endure till night: alas! poor short-sighted man! At Maidenhead bridge we stopped to dine; and where, in the name of Hymen, could we have baited more in character? There my master met with an old Christ Church acquaintance, who joined him, and they sat later than was prudent, so that between Kensington and Hyde-Park corner, our trunk was cut off, and I and my fellow travellers were condemned to take up our lodging with thieves and bugs that night, in Field Lane, and the following night found ourselves, with a variety of goods

got in the same way, a few yards from the Jewish Synagogue, in Duke's Place, a grand depôt for articles of this sort, and whither the few shoe-blacks that Day and Martin have left, call to furnish themselves with that essential of their trade, old wigs.

I had not been turned out into the Jew receiver, but two days, before it was my lot to be fancied, for even in this ignominious state I was honoured with peculiar notice, and purchased at a higher price than ordinary, by the shoe-black who first eyed me appearing to have some taste, and who, perhaps, like me, might have seen better days.

How, after clothing the heads of royalty, valour, and wisdom, could I brook the mortifying thought of licking the dirt off the feet of every scoundrel that pads through it!

From the moment I dropped into the shoe-black's bag, I thought I ceased to exist; for without honour it is no ex-

istence; but as I sunk into oblivion, the remembrance of my former glory rushed all at once upon me, to embitter the last pang, which was accompanied with a groan, and this reflection—

"To what base uses we may return!"

—No, to base uses thou shalt not return, for thou hast had the good fortune to fall into the hands of one who is not a stranger to thy late facetious master, his wig mania, and his great talents; one who has often seen him give character and dignity to some of thy family who had none of themselves. And from the paper with which even the shoe-black had distinguished thee, and accompanied thy transfer to me, I am happy to learn, that so far from being degraded in his possession, thou wast on the point of being translated, in no mean capacity, to a distant country, a purser of an Indiaman having opened a negociation for thy

purchase, for * *Homagee Bomageé* a Persée merchant at Bombay, who had given him a large commission for wigs of thy superior fashion, thinking that such a covering would suit the head of a worshipper of *Mithra*, better than the muslin turban, hairs fine as those thy wavy curls display, being no bad emblems of the rays of that luminary he professed to adore. I therefore congratulate thee on never having been employed to brush a single foot, from the time of dropping into the pedocathartist's bag, till it was my lot to rescue thee from honourable exile abroad, or some humiliating catastrophe at home. — And I congratulate my friend, the late owner of the plundered trunk, at my having it in my power to reinstate thee in his possession,

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* This rich oriental merchant appears to be remarkably partial to every thing that can trace its origin to British manufactory, having given an order, as I am informed, to a great glass manufacturer of this country, for lustres of a size, brilliancy, and value, never yet equalled. — E.

uncontaminated; and to him I dedicate thee, as now knowing thy manifold history, the most capable of turning thee to the best account.

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